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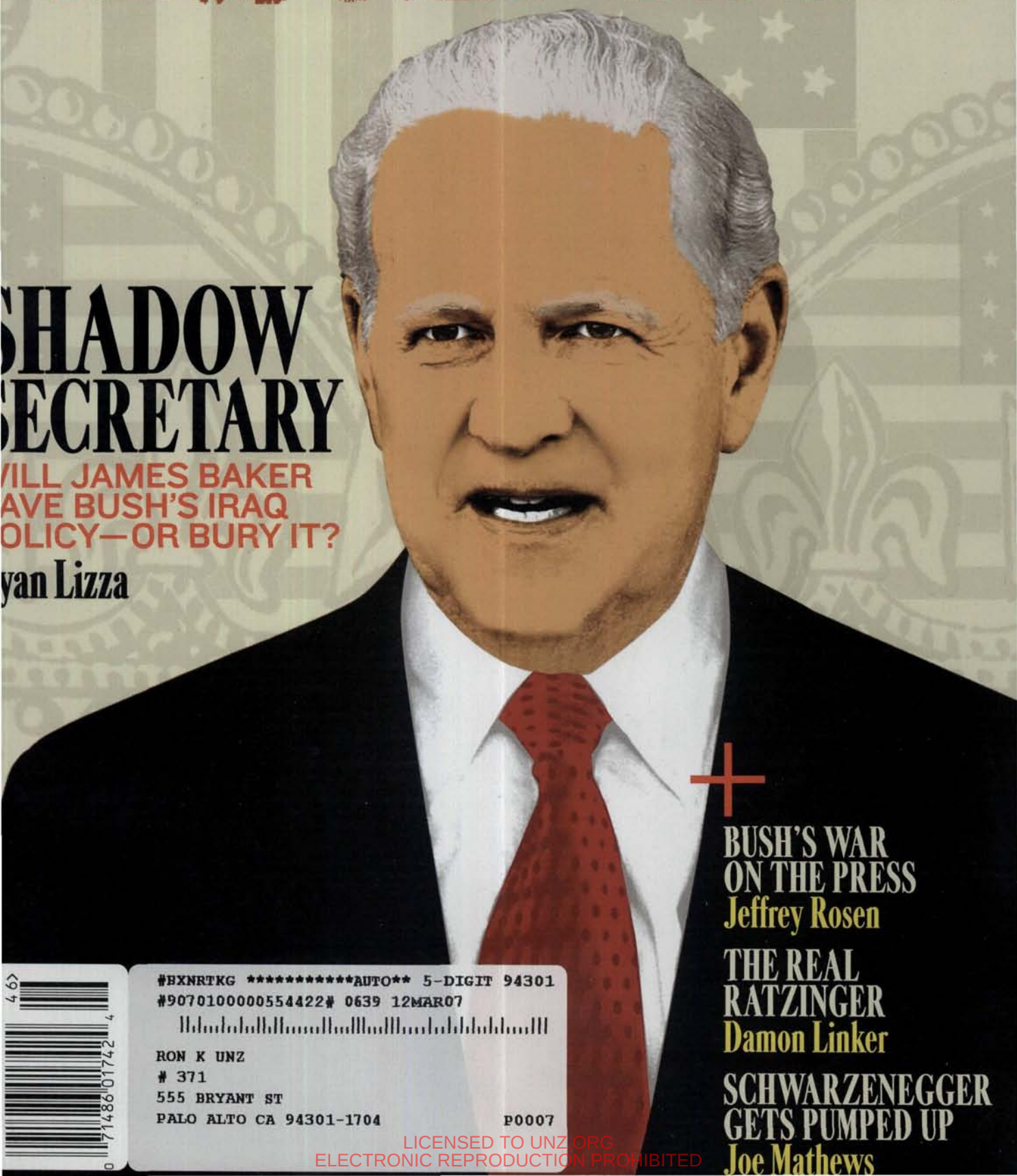

SHADOW SECRETARY

ILL JAMES BAKER AVE BUSH'S IRAQ OLICY—OR BURY IT?

yan Lizza

+

BUSH'S WAR ON THE PRESS
Jeffrey Rosen

THE REAL RATZINGER
Damon Linker

SCHWARZENEGGER GETS PUMPED UP
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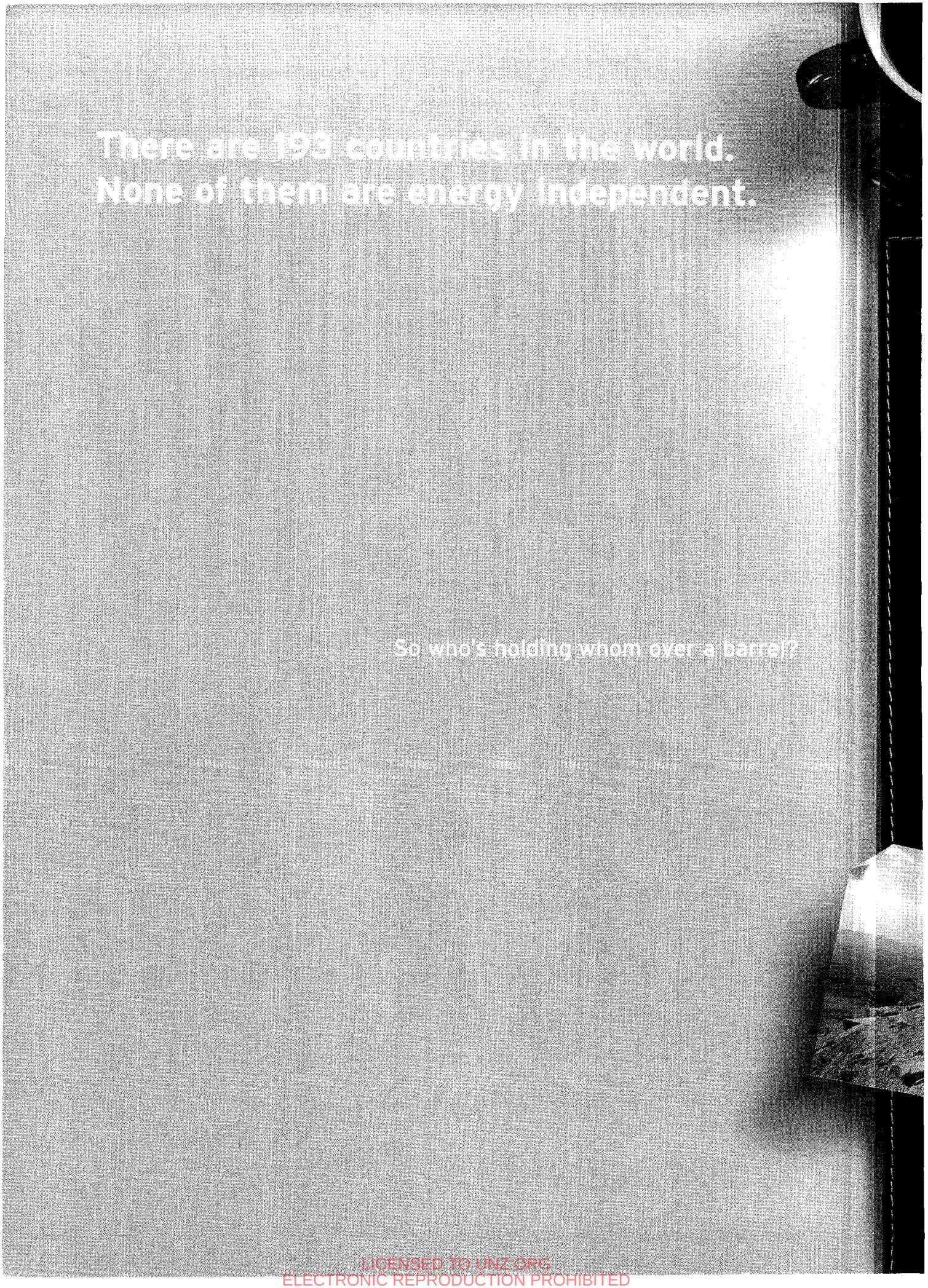

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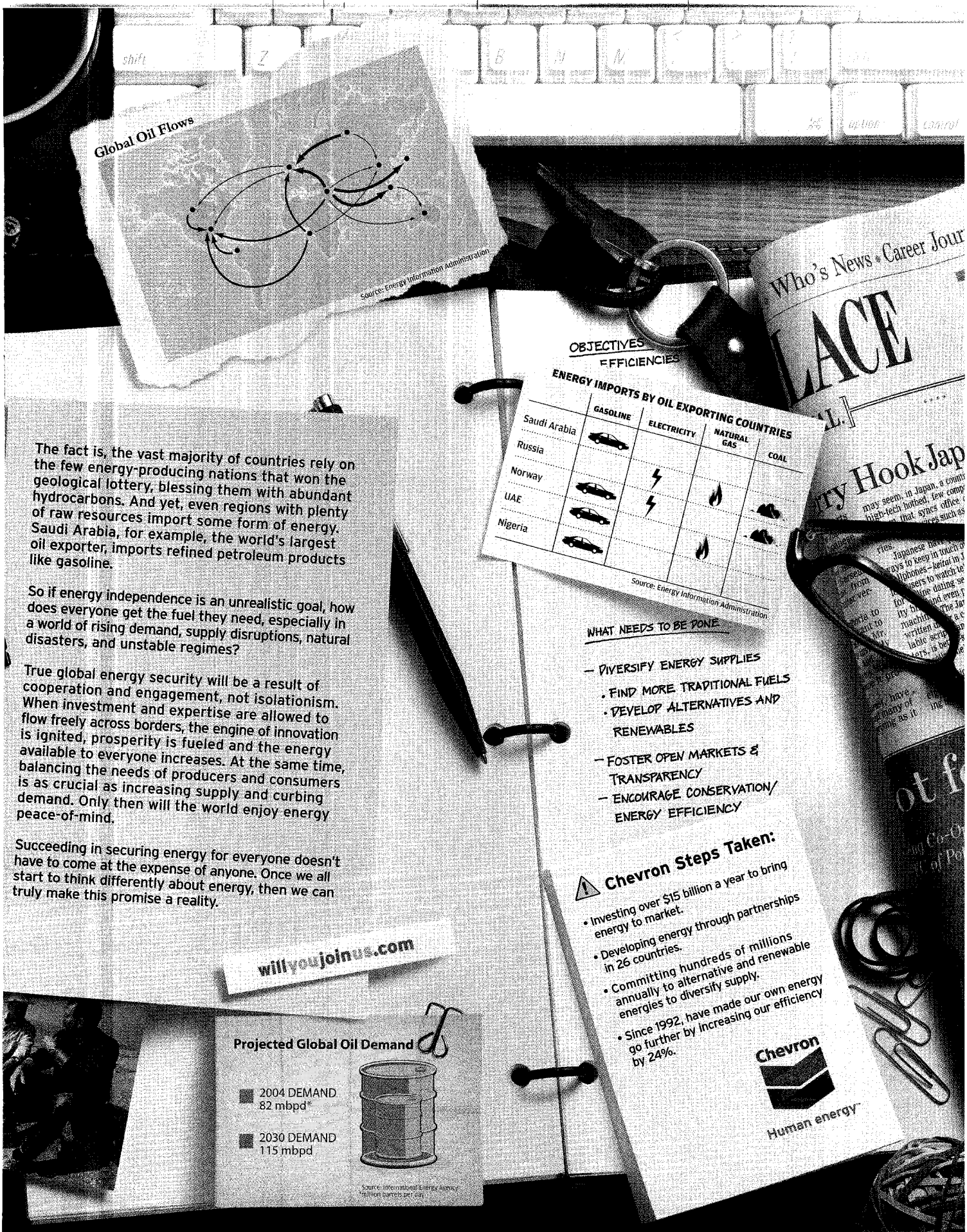
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• FIND MORE TRADITIONAL FUELS
• DEVELOP ALTERNATIVES AND RENEWABLES
– FOSTER OPEN MARKETS & TRANSPARENCY
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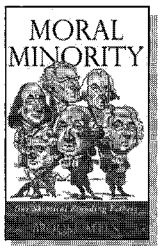

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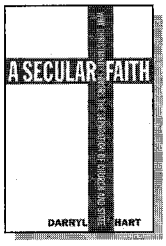
DARRYL HART

A Secular Faith



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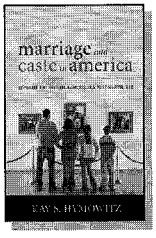

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE SENATOR'S NEW CLOTHES

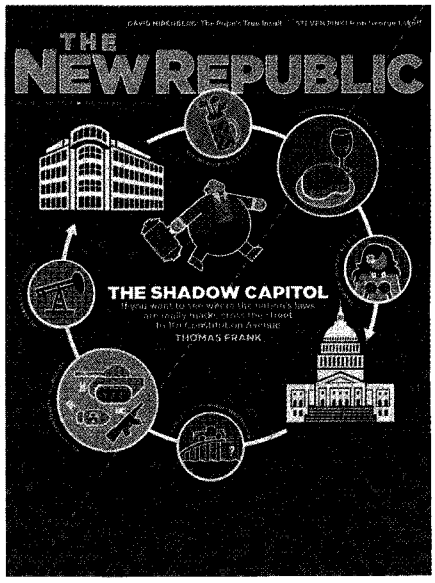
I WAS READING THOMAS FRANK'S article ("The Shadow Capitol," October 9) while half-watching a telecast from the National Constitution Center of the presentation of the Liberty Medal to Presidents George H.W. Bush and Bill Clinton. My attention was caught by the speaker: dark suit; blue shirt with white collar and cuffs; shiny, rose-pink tie; small lapel pin. I couldn't see his cufflinks or his shoes, but there, dressed in the uniform Frank describes as the height of lobbyist chic, was Senator Rick Santorum, making a valiant effort to read what somebody had written for him. I was reminded of another article I read, speculating that Santorum was deliberately trying to lose this year's Senate race so he could move over to the big bucks on K Street. If sartorial clues are accurate, that article seems to have been on the right track.

SARA K. DAVIS
Havertown, Pennsylvania

WAR OF WORDS

FOR THE PAST QUARTER-CENTURY, Steven Pinker and I have been on opposite sides of a major scientific divide about the nature of mind and language. Now that such issues have entered politics in the deepest of ways, those questions need to be aired in public, openly and honestly. Pinker's review of my book, *Whose Freedom?*, has begun the process, but in an unfortunate way ("Block that Metaphor," October 9). Pinker uses the following rhetorical strategy at every major point: Claim that I say the opposite of what I really say; point out that that is ridiculous; then ridicule me for saying such a thing. That is not how an open and honest discussion should proceed. The editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC only permit responses of very short length in the printed version of the magazine, but they have graciously allowed my full response to be printed online at www.tnr.com.

GEORGE LAKOFF
Berkeley, California



POPE-A-DOPE

DAVID NIRENBERG'S COMMENTS ON Pope Benedict XVI's infamous lecture were well-researched and entirely appropriate, but they might have gone further ("What Benedict Really Said," October 9). Paleologus was not a Catholic but a Greek, and the Roman Catholic Church did nearly as thorough a job of trashing Constantinople as the Turks did. Ratzinger's attempt to Catholicize him smacks of his predecessor's pathetic attempt to Christianize the Holocaust to draw attention away from Pius XII's collaboration with Hitler. As for Islam's finger-waggers, they simply refuse to recognize that Paleologus had every right to be peeved. Islam had been making war on the West for centuries, and it continued

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to do so. No "peaceful religion" conquers half the known world at the behest of its founders. Until both Christians and Muslims get honest about the obvious fact that the more revolting aspects of their histories happened not in spite of, but because of, their "sacred texts," no dialogue will be possible—just the smirky, disingenuous, politically correct one-upmanship that is currently fashionable.

DANIEL G. SCHAEFFER
St. Louis, Missouri

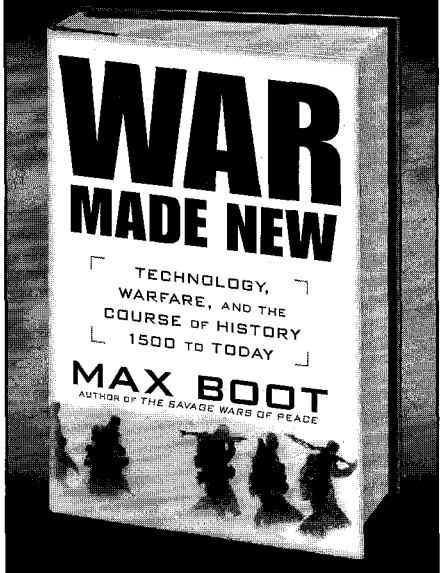
I HAVE NO DESIRE TO DEFEND THE Pope's tactless, not to say foolish, reference to the opinion of a fourteenth-century Byzantine emperor. But I wonder if I must accept Nirenberg's notion that the Pope's message was that "Catholic Christianity is the only successful blend of 'Jewish' obedience to God (faith) with Greek philosophy (reason)." Nirenberg does say that this thesis "will be immediately intelligible to connoisseurs of German academic theology and to almost no one else," and perhaps that disqualifies us non-connoisseurs from having any grasp of the Pope's message. But I must say this: I find in the address an insistence that, if religious dialogue is to succeed, it must be based on reason. Ratzinger considers historical challenges to the use of reason in religious discussion: challenges from theology and challenges from materialistic science. But nowhere do I find him claiming that the proper use of reason is unique to Catholic Christianity. Nor do I find an implied denial of the scientific and rational accomplishments of people of religions other than Catholic Christianity. The Pope gives an example of a Muslim thinker who claimed that God was not bound by reason, but he also gives an example of a Christian thinker with the same opinion (Duns Scotus). He explicitly states that Hellenistic Judaism absorbed Greek rationalism and profited from it. To be sure, he offers the Catholic tradition—rightly or wrongly—as a model of the proper use of reason in religious discussion, but nowhere does he claim that the Catholic church is the exclusive proprietor of that kind of reason. I wonder if Nirenberg's knowledge of German academic theology has led him to read opinions into the Pope's speech that are not, in fact, there.

JOHN C. MOORE
Emeritus Professor of History
Hofstra University
Hempstead, New York

DAVID NIRENBERG RESPONDS: It is quite true, as Daniel G. Schaeffer points out, that relations between Catholic and Greek Orthodox Christians were sometimes violent in the later Middle Ages (witness the Fourth Crusade, which turned its swords on Christian Constantinople rather than on Islam). But Benedict nowhere attempts to "Catholicize" Paleologus in his Regensburg comments, and neither (so far as I know, I have not systematically researched the question) has he sought to "Catholicize" the Orthodox Church in any other of his writings as Pope. Paleologus is, for him, simply a good example of a Christian who understood the need to balance "Jewish" faith and obedience with "Greek" reason—and the failure of Islam to do so. The example itself makes clear that John C. Moore is also right to insist that Benedict never says explicitly that only Catholicism can achieve and maintain this balance. That would be poor rhetoric, indeed, for an invitation to dialogue! No, he merely dedicates his speech to showing that, throughout history, it has been the special mission of Catholic Europe to develop and defend this proper balance. Yes, the Pope says, Western Europe has had its moments of vertigo: the Protestant Reformation, Kant, modern scientific reason. There have even been some theologians within the Church who lost their way, as in the example of Duns Scotus stressed by Moore. But Moore omits the line that follows that example: "as opposed to this, the faith of the Church has always insisted." Benedict's words are carefully chosen. They do not preclude the possibility that Islam or any other religion might achieve the proper balance; indeed, they seem to invite that possibility. But they never grant to any other religion a qualifying historical moment or historical figure, even though it is just as easy to find examples of rationalist movements in (for example) Islam as it is to find a Duns Scotus in Catholicism. To this silence, Judaism is the only exception: It is granted the moment of "Hellenistic" synthesis necessary to produce Jesus and St. Paul. (Naturally, nothing is said of the many strands of Judaism, before and since, that rejected this synthesis.) This same strategy is evident in the Pope's invitation to a "dialogue of cultures." Many of the Pope's defenders claim that, in his comments, he was

continued on page 37

IN THE TRADITION OF *GUNS, GERMS, AND STEEL*
THE AUTHOR OF *THE SAVAGE WARS OF PEACE* EXPLORES HOW TECHNOLOGICAL AND STRATEGIC INNOVATIONS HAVE TRANSFORMED THE BATTLEFIELD.



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Little Tent

TRB FROM WASHINGTON

A FEW WEEKS AGO, THE Republican Party faced a choice. It was not between victory and defeat in this fall's midterm elections. That choice had already been made, half a world away in Iraq, where the daily carnage of a failed war had stripped the GOP of its national security bona fides, leaving it politically naked. It was a choice between losing with dignity and losing in disgrace. And now, with the midterms just days away, the choice has been made.

I'm not talking about the small lies: the National Republican Congressional Committee ad that attacks a New York Democrat for calling an "adult fantasy" line (he misdialed the number for the state Department of Criminal Justice Services) or the Wisconsin Republican who said his opponent voted to spend tax money paying teenage girls to watch porn (he voted not to interfere in the National Institutes of Health's peer-review process for academic studies). Sure, these attacks aren't edifying. But they're nothing new. George W. Bush never promised that his brand of Republicanism wouldn't be nasty. What he did promise, from virtually the moment he entered the national stage, was that it wouldn't be bigoted. In 2000, he told Latino advocacy group the National Council of La Raza that Republicans were considered "anti-newcomer." And, to overcome that perception, he actually stripped language from the GOP's platform demanding that English be made America's official language. He opposed denying public services to illegal immigrants and warned that "we will tolerate no bashing of Mexico or immigrants." His aides even set an informal quota for the percentage of Latinos in his administration.

When it came to blacks, Bush was just as repentant. In 2000, he addressed the NAACP's national convention, something the previous two Republican presidential nominees had refused to do. In 2005, Republican National Committee (RNC) Chairman Ken Mehlman bluntly apologized to blacks for a "Southern Strategy" in which Republicans exploited racism to win white votes. And, to the Bush administration's great credit, when Trent Lott endorsed Strom Thurmond's segregationist 1948 presidential campaign, the White House didn't defend him; they threw him overboard.

Even on gays, the early Bush was—by GOP standards—welcoming. He met with gay Republicans during the 2000 campaign and, soon after taking office, appointed an openly gay man as his director of national AIDS policy.

But it was easier then. In 2000, with the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court decision still years away, gay marriage was a distant glimmer on the political horizon, something Bush could largely avoid. As late as 2004, illegal immigration was still politically peripheral, which gave Bush considerable leeway in courting Latinos. And, from September 11, 2001, until sometime last year, Bush's war on terrorism was so politically potent that he didn't need domestic wedge issues to turn out the Republican base. (Although Republicans orchestrated anti-gay-marriage ballot initiatives in 2004, post-election surveys showed they had little to no impact on turnout.)

This year, however, the political weather is much stormier. Downscale Republicans are in revolt over illegal immigration. A black candidate in Tennessee could hand Democrats control of the Senate. National security is no longer a political slam dunk. And, in many red states, the Democrats are fielding pro-gun, anti-abortion, tough-on-immigration candidates who are harder to demonize than John Kerry and Al Gore. This year, for the first time since he entered national politics, Bush's inclusion agenda could really hurt him at the polls. And so, all of a sudden, it has disappeared.

On immigration, the contrast is breathtaking. As recently as May, Bush declared in a prime-time speech that "an immigration reform bill needs to be comprehensive, because all elements of this problem must be addressed together, or none of them will be solved at all." Then, on October 26, he signed an enforcement-only bill to build a 700-mile fence along the Mexican border. Across the country, Republicans have largely given up appealing to Latinos—Robert Martinez, chairman of the Colorado Republican Party, recently acknowledged that "we're throwing away tons of work we've put into Hispanic outreach"—in a frantic effort to run, Pete Wilson–style, against Latino immigration. And the Bush administration is cheering them on.

On race, the RNC recently ran an ad showing a scantily clad white woman winking seductively at black Tennessee Democrat Harold Ford—a blatant appeal to white fears of interracial sex. Asked about the ad's racial subtext, Mehlman responded, "I will tell you that when I looked at the ad, that was not my reaction," thus exhibiting the same willful blindness toward racism for which he apologized several months ago.

And, on gays, it has been even worse. In campaign speeches, Vice President Dick Cheney routinely warns that, if Democrats take the House, the openly gay Barney Frank will become a committee chairman, "and I don't need to tell you what kind of legislation would come." When *The Boston Globe* slyly asked Cheney's office what sinister legislation Frank might produce as head of the Financial Services Committee, the veep's staff had no answer. And the real answer is obvious: Cheney was gay-baiting, pure and simple.

Is Cheney, the father of a lesbian, a homophobe? Of course not. Cheney, Mehlman, and Bush are not bigots—they genuinely want an inclusive Republican Party, just not as genuinely as they want to hold Congress. And that's what makes it all so pathetic. At least Richard Nixon, architect of the Southern Strategy, exploited racism and won. Bush and company are playing the race card and the gay card, and they're going to lose anyway. And, over the long term, by alienating Latinos and other immigrants, they are destroying the Bush-Rove dream of a rainbow-colored GOP, capable of winning elections in an increasingly dark-hued United States. Once upon a time, Republican bigotry was a national tragedy. Now it's merely farce.

PETER BEINART

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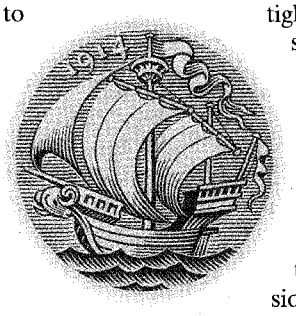
Safe House

IN THE OLDEN days of politics, electoral wipeouts were great spectacles to behold. When Democrats or Republicans slipped on the political banana peel, they would tumble, arms flailing like Chevy Chase, into congressional defeat. In the 1894 election, Democrats squandered 125 seats; in 1922, Republicans endured a loss of 77 seats. This year, for the first time in over a decade, there's talk of a wipeout. But this wipeout, should it occur, would entail Republicans losing a mere 30 seats—and only in the unlikely event that every Bible-beating, gun-toting rural district breaks in the Democrats' direction.

When we wax nostalgic for the bygone era of true electoral catastrophes, it's not just out of a hunger for more enjoyable political theater. We're pining for elections that reflect public will. And such an outcome is not likely this year. Take a look at recent opinion surveys, such as the one *Newsweek* released on October 28. Democrats have run up double-digit advantages on major issues from Iraq to the economy. When voters are presented with a generic congressional ballot, Democrats win 53–39. But there's simply no way that this will translate. Virginia, Missouri, and Tennessee, for instance, are hosting three of the nation's tightest Senate races. But travel a step down the ballot, and you will find only one close contest in those states' combined 29 house races. The entire state of California has only two somewhat tight contests—and it wouldn't even have those, except for a pair of GOP incumbents' associations with Jack Abramoff.

All this is the legacy of our least favorite Founding Father, Elbridge Gerry, and the formula for rigging congressional elections that bears his name. Not that it's all Gerry's fault. The redistricting plan he signed in 1812—and the hundreds that have followed—merely exploited a massive flaw in our electoral system. When you have congressional districts, those districts will have boundaries, and those boundaries will inevitably rebound to one party's favor. Unless we remake our system of government in the image of Germany or New Zealand, most American voters are going to be stuck with the annoying fact that their congressional vote doesn't much matter; their incumbent will win, no matter which lever they pull.

But, before we throw up our hands altogether, we need to examine all the ways in which the system has grown more pernicious in recent years. By any measure, the parties are getting more cutthroat in their redistricting battles, and, thanks to fancy software, they are fighting, block by block, to secure advantages. There is, of course, no more sinister modern-day practitioner of the state-of-the-art gerrymander than Tom DeLay. His infamous Texas redistricting scheme shattered an ancient tradition of redistricting only once per decade. The map he drew split Austin voters into two new districts, one of which snakes 300 miles south to the Mexican border. Thanks to his handiwork, the GOP netted five Texas seats in 2004, more than half of their total nationwide gain that cycle.



Distressingly, when the Supreme Court looked at DeLay's plan, it found almost nothing to quibble with, except for the shifting of 100,000 Hispanic voters in violation of the Voting Rights Act. The justices left open the question of whether a gerrymander could ever be screwy enough to merit judicial intervention. But, if the Texas case didn't scream out for a rebuke from the courts, what bizarre scheme ever could?

Fortunately, if you can't count on the courts to rectify this shortcoming, then at least you can count on the good people of Iowa. They have empowered a nonpartisan Legislative Service Bureau to draw up three redistricting plans after each census, which they then present to the legislature. The law strictly forbids the Legislative Service Bureau from looking at previous election results or the addresses of incumbents. And the Hawkeye system works pretty well. In 2002, four out of the state's five congressional races were competitive. And, this year, Iowa has two tight races. But even this solution provides only a sliver of hope. Voters in Ohio and California have recently rejected ballot initiatives that would similarly empower independent commissions to redraw their state's congressional districts.

In other words, the problem of gerrymandering is now as much cultural as constitutional. The fact that our system of government has such a massive flaw at its center elicits almost no political passion. You'll only find complaints in the corners of goo-goo think tanks. And such passivity in the face of democratic decay is itself a depressing sign of disrepair. ■

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The black Jesse Helms.

Insanity Offense

BY EVE FAIRBANKS

IT'S JUST OVER two weeks until the midterm elections, and Vernon Robinson, a black Republican candidate for the House of Representatives, is stumping in Burlington, North Carolina, a mid-sized outlet-mall city once known as the "Hosiery Center of the South." Attending services at First Baptist Church on Apple Street, Robinson sits a few pews from the front, surrounded by the rowdy, hollering congregation but visibly alone. Occasionally Robinson, a burly man who seems on the verge of bursting out of his pinstripe suit, tries out a few hip-shakes or lifts his hand in an *amen* gesture; for the most part, he sits awkwardly still—especially during the fiery sermon, in which First Baptist's pastor urges his all-black flock to ponder the plight of Hurricane Katrina victims.

Wince. The disastrous federal response to Katrina is one of many uncomfortable subjects for GOP candidates this year. And, if it's a bad time for the party in general, it's worse still for challengers like Robinson, who is hoping to unseat a Democratic incumbent, Representative Brad Miller, in North Carolina's 13th District. Even when Karl Rove expresses optimism about November 7, he's merely suggesting that Republicans may hemorrhage fewer seats than anticipated; no one is talking about them picking up new ones. In the House, the National Republican Congressional Committee has shifted its focus almost exclusively to retaining incumbents and, as of last week, is funneling money to just four challengers, not one of whom is currently favored to win. Of those, three are blessed with anomalously felicitous circumstances, such as a newly gerrymandered district (Mac Collins in Georgia's 8th), a green freshman as an opponent (David McSweeney in Illinois's 8th), or an opportunity to retake an old seat (former Representative Max Burns in Georgia's 12th, who lost narrowly in 2004).

Robinson, by contrast, appears to have all the cards stacked against him. He doesn't have the party's help, and, when Miller was chair of the redistricting committee in the state Senate, he drew the 13th Democratic, so it would be tough for even a moderate Republican to win. And Robinson is no moderate. He's an Alan Keyes wannabe, a rhetorical bomb-thrower who has lost ten previous races. He routinely invokes Sodom and Gomorrah on the campaign trail and has made anti-immigrant rants a cornerstone of his bid for office. Greeting parishioners outside First Baptist after the service ends, Robinson assures one woman that, if he's elected, illegal immigrants will know to "take the maps the Mexican government gave 'em, turn 'em around, and find their way home."

Yet, paradoxically, even in the midst of this dismal season for the GOP, Robinson has an outside shot at victory. He has out-raised his opponent, and, last week, *CQPolitics.com* upgraded the race's competitiveness. Moreover, Robinson has stayed in the game by taking the opposite tack from most of his party-mates: As other endangered Republicans backpedal furiously toward moderate, even apologetic, positions, Vernon Robinson has offered voters an invigorating invocation of the conservative id.

ROBINSON GREW UP in Los Angeles in a liberal family and volunteered for Bobby Kennedy's presidential campaign when he was just twelve years old. But, after graduating from the Air Force Academy in 1977, he started moving toward a macho, Reagan-style conservatism. Interning for Missouri Democratic State Representative Alan Wheat in 1982, he watched representatives decide to kill the state's Equal Rights Amendment over drinks and thought, "Wow!" When he was offered a job on Wheat's campaign for U.S. Congress, he declined, in part because another mentor had advised him that, for him, the GOP would be a "great opportunity."

Having pinned his star to the Republican Party, he moved to North Carolina to teach in a business school and became known for two things: strong advocacy for school choice and a strong desire to hold public office. After running eight losing races for various statewide offices, in 1997 Robinson finally broke through. Campaigning for a seat on the Winston-Salem city council, he sent out a mailer accusing a primary opponent of being a nudist: "Your vote could determine whether VERNON ROBINSON or my opponent—an admitted NUDIST—yep—like nekkid—like no clothes—represents the Republican Party in the November 4 election," it read. Robinson won the primary and the seat.

Once on the council, he developed this style of political theater into his signature: When his name came up during roll calls, he didn't say, "Here"; he yelled, "Overtaxed!" The form reached its apotheosis in 2004, when, on Martin Luther King Day, he spent $2,000 of his own money to unilaterally install a Ten Commandments monument in front of the Winston-Salem City Hall; city officials were later forced to remove it with a backhoe.

At the time, Robinson was already running for an open seat in the U.S. House, and the monument incident put him on the national map. He picked up endorsements from prominent Republicans like Bob Barr and Jack Kemp, and his campaign was featured on Fox News. But when people took a closer look at Robinson—who had taken to calling himself the "black Jesse Helms" and running outlandish TV ads depicting Hispanics burning the American flag—they were less impressed. Kemp retracted his endorsement, and even the real Jesse Helms threw his support to somebody else. "The problem is with Vernon personally," a local Republican official complained. "He is a scorched-earth political figure." After barely edging out his competitors in the primary, Robinson was handily defeated in an August runoff.

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BUT ROBINSON HAS returned, unabashed, from his high-profile defeat. His infamous ads are back, too—like a short-lived TV spot alleging that Miller "pays for sex" (translation: he voted to maintain funding for four National Institutes of Health sexuality-related medical studies) and a "Beverly Hillbillies"–inspired radio jingle that warbles, "Come and hear me tell about a politician named Brad. / He gave illegal aliens everything we had!" But Robinson has added a new element to his flamboyant shtick, cleverly attuned to the peculiar contours of this cycle: Stylistically, he presents himself just like one of this year's successful Democratic challengers, appropriating their anti-incumbent, anti-Congress, anti-Bush rhetoric for himself. He rarely mentions his party affiliation, and he always makes sure to refer to his opponent as "Congressman Miller," to implicate him in the sins of the institution. At a candidates' forum in Raleigh that he hustles to after his First Baptist visit, he manages to make Miller, dapper in a striped tie and fashionable thick-framed glasses, look like the candidate of the beleaguered status quo and himself the angry reformer. After Miller wearily explains, "I'm not happy with Congress or the president," Robinson loudly counters, "I've differed from the president on a wide range of issues. If you elect me, I won't be a potted plant!"

As I follow Robinson on the campaign trail, it becomes apparent that the strange dynamic of this year's elections has transformed his old weaknesses into strengths. Once an embarrassment, his outspokenness is now a breath of fresh air that gives hope—and motivation—to downcast Republicans. Money is flowing in from all over the country. And his admirers uniformly love his over-the-top ads: They ask him to talk about his plan to put thousands of Marines on the Southern border and to combat "Brad [Miller]'s plan to recruit thousands of foreign homosexuals to come to this country." In this year's battle, Robinson is playing the Republican Party's Stonewall Jackson, defiantly leading a screaming bayonet charge even as the ranks retreat around him.

Though he might have been a headache for the local party apparatus in 2004, at this year's North Carolina State Fair the Republican booth's organizers tell me Robinson is one of their most popular candidates. "When people expect so little of you, you want to blow them away," explains Brittany Farrell, head of North Carolina State's College Republicans. In the end, Robinson's bid is likely quixotic: North Carolina's 13th is becoming more Republican, but it still narrowly tilts Democratic. But Robinson's not letting that dampen his enthusiasm.

The fair is Robinson's last stop for the day, and—it being rainy and late—the crowds have mostly dissipated, leaving only a thin layer of peanut shells in their wake. Even so, he entertains a steady stream of supporters, and a policeman guarding the fair's entrance tells Robinson that he's going to vote for him. Robinson is feeling so good that he wanders over to the Democratic booth and asks its startled attendant for her vote. "Maybe," she says. Like his campaign, it's an absurd pitch. Maybe it'll work. ■

Ahnold's pander offensive.

Pumped Up

BY JOE MATHEWS

LAST FALL, Arnold Schwarzenegger couldn't escape the huge crowds of union members and Democrats who protested his ballot initiatives that proposed reshaping the state's education, budget, and political systems. Protesters surrounded hotels where he spoke, gathered outside TV studios and restaurants where he appeared, and even confronted him in hallways and kitchens. The angry hordes reflected a statewide rejection of the once-popular governor—more than 55 percent of Californians disapproved of his job performance, and Democratic challengers led in early polls on the 2006 governor's race. At rallies, the chants of nurses, teachers, firefighters, and celebrities like Warren Beatty could drown out the governor's words. In desperation, Schwarzenegger's advance team pointed giant stereo speakers at the protesters and blasted the anthem of the Los Angeles band War—"Why Can't We Be Friends?"—at full volume.

This fall, the same song could serve as the official slogan of Schwarzenegger's reelection effort, which may be the most effective Republican campaign in the country. A year after his four initiatives went down in defeat, Schwarzenegger is leading in the polls and feeling the love just about every place he goes. Witness the scene in late September inside a hotel ballroom in Burbank, where Schwarzenegger was to sign a bill requiring state pension funds to divest from Sudan. Outside, there was not a single protester. Inside, George Clooney and Don Cheadle, who had lobbied for the bill from the set of *Ocean's 13*, joined the ceremony and praised the governor. Clooney was particularly effusive. Between denunciations of genocide, he and the governor bantered about their roles in the flop of *Batman & Robin*, in which Clooney played Batman and Schwarzenegger was Mr. Freeze.

Other notables who have flocked to Schwarzenegger include British Prime Minister Tony Blair, who praised the governor for his "extraordinary work and extraordinary leadership" on the environment during a trip to California, and the Dalai Lama, who appeared with the governor last September during a women's conference put on by First Lady Maria Shriver.

But far more impressive than these celebrity shotgun weddings are the relationships that Schwarzenegger has established with the politicians who were plotting his demise a year earlier. The Democratic legislative leaders, state Senate President Pro Tempore Don Perata and Assembly

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Speaker Fabian Núñez, have been fixtures at elaborate bill-signing ceremonies, and Perata has campaigned with the governor for a package of infrastructure bond measures on the ballot this fall. The mayor of Los Angeles, Antonio Villaraigosa, whose plan for more mayoral control over his city's schools was strongly backed by Schwarzenegger, also has done joint appearances. None have officially endorsed Schwarzenegger, but the message is unmistakable.

Schwarzenegger's cozy dealings with leading Democrats appear to be the reason why the governor, who trailed Democratic challenger Phil Angelides by six points last year, leads by double digits in the most recent public polls. The state's major newspapers have fallen hard for this story line, unanimously endorsing the governor for reelection in editorials that hail Schwarzenegger for his move to the left and cooperative tone. *The San Jose Mercury News*, in backing Schwarzenegger, said that Angelides "apparently can't even persuade the state's top Democrats to stop doing grips-and-grins all over the state with the governor."

Viewed up close, however, Schwarzenegger's reelection strategy appears less like a move to the left than a clever effort to neutralize interests with the resources to defeat him. And his cooperation has involved giveaways—funding boosts to pacify some interests, the signing of interest group–sponsored legislation to please others, and the abandonment of policies that had offended unions and Indian tribes. A governor who won office by promising to challenge the status quo has now begun to accommodate that status quo. Even as he cruises to victory on November 7, the method by which Schwarzenegger has launched a political comeback could come back to haunt him.

SCHWARZENEGGER'S 2005 INITIATIVES were widely seen as a turn to the right. But the governor—at heart a showman, not an ideologue—saw his reform proposals as tough-minded, centrist policies that only he could advance. In interviews with me earlier this year, Schwarzenegger said that the defeat of his initiatives in the special election was not a rejection of the need for structural reform in California but, rather, a public rebuke of his confrontational, impatient stance with the legislature and interest groups. He should have taken more time, been more conciliatory, he concluded. "I rushed it," he said of his reform effort. "If I would have nurtured it, it would have been different."

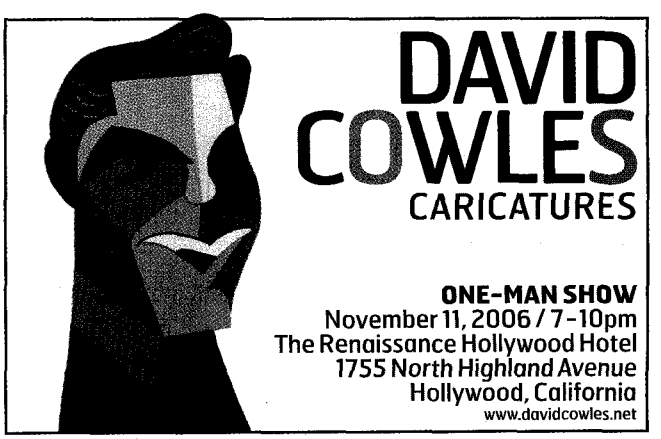
After the defeat, Schwarzenegger resolved to look for every opportunity to reach compromise with Democrats and interest groups, no matter how small the issue. But he focused on reaching accommodations with groups that could hurt him politically. In May, he cooled some of the anger of the California Teachers Association by increasing education funding to a level that he had previously promised but failed to deliver. The teachers' union, which spent tens of millions successfully fighting his initiatives in 2005, has endorsed Angelides but has devoted much of its considerable war chest this fall to other priorities. Schwarzenegger neutralized labor on another issue by signing legislation to hike the minimum wage by $1.25; in previous years, he had vetoed similar bills.

Some of his critics on the left lauded Schwarzenegger for these and other reversals, but, in truth, he had little choice. Labor could have forced through a minimum-wage increase by sponsoring a ballot initiative. The teachers' union might have won an increase in education funding through a lawsuit it had filed against the governor. (By boosting the funding, he was able to settle the lawsuit instead.)

Further evidence that Schwarzenegger's moves are more strategic than ideological is that he also has abandoned more liberal positions when it suits him. After championing rehabilitation and prison reform early in his term, despite fierce opposition from the powerful prison guards' union, his team reached out to that union this year and he muted those messages. Two of Schwarzenegger's top corrections officials resigned, reportedly frustrated that reform efforts had lost momentum.

But Schwarzenegger's clearest reversal has been on Indian gambling. In his first year in office, he sharply criticized wealthy Southern California Indian tribes for seeking rapid expansion and worked to guarantee collective bargaining rights for workers in Indian casinos. But, facing the possibility that wealthy tribes could spend millions against him in the campaign this year, Schwarzenegger signed agreements that, if they are ever approved by the legislature, would grant massive expansion without the labor protections he had once insisted upon. (Instead of attacking the governor, the tribes are supporting Republicans and Democrats who backed these new compacts.)

The governor's strategy not only rehabilitated his candidacy but also demonstrated his keen sense of political timing. Since the special election, Schwarzenegger has frequently expressed remorse for his special election push—for a time, he seemed to offer another public regret nearly every day. In a country weary of its proudly stubborn president, his mea culpas played beautifully. With each deal he made with Democrats, Schwarzenegger sold himself more aggressively as a peacemaker and, ultimately, as a national example that should be noticed in hyper-partisan Washington.



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Less than a year after his political nadir, he is again offering the United States political advice. "They're frozen," he said recently of members of Congress. "They can't do anything in Washington because it's Democrats against Republicans, Republicans against Democrats, rather than, 'Let us solve the problems of this country.' "

SCHWARZENEGGER'S APPROACH TO reelection is hardly unprecedented. In 2002, his predecessor, Gray Davis, a centrist Democrat, won reelection after appeasing liberal interest groups and unions. That strategy—which systematically removed potential obstacles to his reelection but didn't excite the public—ultimately led to his downfall. Turnout in the 2002 election was so low that Davis left himself vulnerable to recall. To qualify a recall, one must get a number of signatures equal to 12 percent of the total number of votes cast in the most recent gubernatorial race. In 2003, a recall could qualify for fewer than 900,000 signatures, which cost less than $2 million to get. When an anti-tax activist named Ted Costa saw how cheap a recall would be, he filed a recall petition.

Schwarzenegger may be falling into a similar trap. The same polls that show him in the lead also suggest that turnout may be a record low. An October survey by the Public Policy Institute of California showed that the percentage of Californians following the Angelides–Schwarzenegger race "very closely" stood at just 19 percent, even less than the 22 percent following Davis's race before the 2002 election. (The recall and the 2004 presidential campaign were very closely followed by 49 percent and 61 percent of Californians, respectively.)

The governor's promises also add to the long-term political risk he faces. As he has made deals that require more spending, the projected budget shortfall for the next fiscal year has increased to nearly $5 billion, up from about $4 billion this year. If he cuts spending to make up the difference, he could face howls of betrayal from the Democrats who are singing his praises this year. If he raises taxes, he would violate his core promise to Republicans not to do so. In truth, Schwarzenegger has changed direction so many times that, no matter what moves he makes next year, he's likely to be accused—with some justification—of the sort of huge flip-flop that, in California, has sparked popular revolt. As an international celebrity, the governor might make an attractive target for attention-seekers, be they liberal or conservative.

When he is asked which Schwarzenegger will show up next year, the governor is fond of saying: "There is only one Arnold." Limited to two terms and ineligible for the presidency, he has suggested this could be his last election. But California politics, like any B-movie, is full of explosive plot twists. Perhaps the one and only governor will be able to keep all his new friends. But it's more likely that 2006 will prove to be only an election-year breather before another divisive political war. It may not be long before the left or right of California politics finds the motive and opportunity to seek the recall of Arnold Schwarzenegger. ■

Denver Postcard

Life Term

BY AMY SULLIVAN

IN SEPTEMBER 2005, Bill Ritter, a Democratic candidate for governor of Colorado, stood in a Denver living room, surrounded by almost 60 angry, crying women. His host, Beth Strickland, was the wife of Tom Strickland—the two-time Democratic Senate candidate—and the pro-choice women she had invited to this unusual campaign event spilled out of the living room and into adjoining rooms and hallways. But the force of their emotion was directed solely at Ritter, who stood at the far end of the room in front of a piano. "Don't restrict women's right to choose," the women begged. "Why do you allow exceptions for rape or incest but not when a fetus has severe abnormalities?" others demanded. One woman looked at Ritter with tears in her eyes and asked him why he didn't trust women to make their own choices.

Navigating the abortion minefield has been particularly difficult for Catholic Democrats. Buffeted on one side by the Church and on the other by party donors, they have maneuvered the landscape in recent years with all the finesse and ease of water buffalo. Early in the 2004 campaign, John Kerry caused an uproar among pro-choice supporters when he told an Iowa newspaper that he believed life begins at conception. But, at the same time, he lost pro-life support when a handful of conservative bishops suggested he be denied communion because of his history of voting against abortion restrictions. And his abortion answer during the second presidential debate didn't make anyone happy. George W. Bush found it easy to shoot down Kerry's version of the Mario Cuomo I'm-personally-opposed-but-can't-do-anything-about-it-as-an-elected-official formulation, immediately replying: "I'm trying to decipher that."

Last fall, as the women who made up his base sobbed in anger and disgust, it seemed a given that Ritter's fledgling candidacy would be undone by his pro-life views. But, just over a year later, he is his party's nominee and leading Bob Beauprez, his Republican challenger, by a margin of 12 to 17 points. He's even looking to compete in places on the Western Range that haven't elected a Democrat in decades. Most surprising of all, however, is that some of the women in Strickland's living room are among his supporters. As Democrats strategize how to win over values voters without alienating their more liberal base, they should consider how Ritter managed to succeed as a pro-life Democrat.

Amy Sullivan, a contributing editor for THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY, *is writing a book about religion and the left.*

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IT WOULD BE hard to find anyone less likely to make people cry than Bill Ritter. He is tall and handsome, with the broad shoulders of a man who laid pipe to put himself through college and law school and the unnaturally large head of a newscaster or an actor. He has an open smile that doesn't leave his face when he stops shaking hands at a rally and jumps back on the campaign bus, settling in for the ride through Glenwood Canyon and grabbing an aide's cell phone to get an update on the Broncos game. As the bus pulls into a town known for its hot springs, Ritter's 13-year-old daughter, Tally, half-jokingly asks if she can skip the rally and hang out in the warm water instead. "But you'd miss my speech!" Ritter mock-protests. Without missing a beat, his daughter rolls her eyes: "Dad, I could *give* your speech." Ritter throws back his head and laughs.

A Catholic who spent three years as a missionary in Zambia, Ritter dislikes the label "pro-life," saying simply that he is "opposed to abortion." This opposition dates back to his childhood as the sixth of twelve children growing up on the Eastern Plain. When he was 13, his father left the family, and, the next year, Ritter won a scholarship through his church to attend a Catholic seminary in San Antonio for his freshman and sophomore years of high school. The Oblate priests he met there made a deep impression on him; two decades later, as a rising star in the Denver District Attorney's (D.A.) office, Ritter moved his wife and young son to Africa for three years to run a nutrition center that was part of a mission the priests had inherited in western Zambia.

AIDS was just beginning to ravage the continent, and, in response to the epidemic, Ritter took a controversial position for a devout Catholic: He started teaching condom use to the women who came to his nutrition center. But he remained opposed to abortion. In 1993, when Governor Roy Romer appointed him to fill a D.A. vacancy, Ritter attracted some opposition from the National Abortion Rights Action League because of these views.

Elected to the position himself in 1996 and 2000, Ritter was a popular D.A. who promoted crime-prevention policies, requiring his prosecutors to "adopt" public schools and to consider treatment alternatives instead of incarceration for drug offenses. In both 2002 and 2004, he tells me, he considered a run for U.S. Senate. He was chastened, however, by Harry Reid's warning that he could expect to lose "a third of your money" because of his pro-life views. The political picture became even more complicated in the presidential election year, as some Catholic leaders in Colorado told voters that they could be denied communion for supporting a pro-choice candidate. But, once again, Ritter took an unusual stance. When the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops held their annual meeting in Denver that year, Ritter penned a harsh article rebuking the Church's politicizing of abortion. If it continued, he warned, the result would be fewer Catholics in public office.

Term-limited, Ritter stepped down as D.A. at the end of 2004 and began to seriously put together his campaign to run for governor, relying on a standard Democratic platform of education, health care, and economic development. But he wasn't getting any traction with the pro-choice activists and donors who control the Democratic primary process. So he contacted several key Democratic women and asked them to host a small campaign event at which he could meet their friends.

Facing the group of women in Beth Strickland's living room, all of whom wanted him to tell them he wouldn't restrict a woman's right to choose, Ritter had two options. He could take the Cuomo/Kerry approach and allow that, while he opposed abortion personally, that position wouldn't influence his views as governor. Or he could stand firm, explain what he believed, and hope they respected him for it. The first option would be tempting for anyone in Ritter's situation. And it was a familiar straddle—most Catholic Democrats who had been elected in the '80s and '90s opted for some version of the position. But it carried political risks as well. In order to win the governorship, Ritter would need to capture the exurbs that went to both Bush and Democrat Ken Salazar in 2004. Voters in counties like Larimer and Arapahoe have little patience for clever positioning. What they likely heard in Kerry's convoluted abortion explanation was that he wanted credit for being opposed to abortion, but he wasn't so Catholic that it meant anything to him.

The meeting with Ritter, several participants said, was the most uncomfortably candid political gathering they'd ever attended. From the start, the questions were aggressive and emotional. Even so, Ritter still went with the second course: "I told them I could not commit to any of the hypotheticals they were presenting because of my opposition to abortion." But he gave it two important twists. The first was that he made a clear distinction to the gathering of women between being pro-life and *pro-life*. He would have no agenda to change the current law regarding abortion as governor. He would overturn an executive order issued by Republican Governor Bill Owens disqualifying women's health clinics from getting state funding for teen pregnancy prevention programs if they also provided abortions. And he would sign legislation allowing emergency contraception, a bill that Owens had vetoed. It was an approach that no self-respecting pro-life Republican could afford to take.

The second twist would be more important for the voters outside Strickland's house. Ritter took the traditional Catholic Democratic line and improved upon it, essentially saying, "I am personally opposed to abortion, *and* I intend to use my position to lower the abortion rate." By reducing abortion rates through prevention, not restriction or criminalization, Ritter promised to let his faith inform his politics without imposing his beliefs on citizens. And it gave him credibility when he said of his faith, "You don't check it at the door of the governor's office."

Ritter's answers didn't satisfy all, or even most, of the women at the morning gathering. Some were still crying as they left the house. But others were impressed that he had

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shown up, listened carefully to them, and stood his ground. "Some people came out of the meeting," said Ann Frick, one of the event's co-hosts, "and said, 'He and I don't see eye-to-eye, but he'll be thoughtful and take our concerns into account.' "

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY in Colorado spent close to an entire year looking for a suitably pro-choice candidate who could oppose Ritter in the primary. But, despite near-constant news coverage of the Democrats' frantic search, Ritter plowed ahead, answering questions about his abortion position, he says, "in about five out of six phone calls I made for money."

This head-on approach is different than that of many older Catholic Democratic politicians, who privately share Ritter's views but have publicly adopted the pro-choice mantle. These Catholic Democrats aren't worried that expressing pro-life views would cost them votes—in fact, a majority of Americans (62 percent) believe that there should be some restrictions on abortion short of outlawing it completely. But they do fear losing dollars from pro-choice donors and PACs.

A new generation of Catholic Democrats—which, in addition to Ritter, includes Virginia Governor Tim Kaine, Pennsylvania Senate candidate Bob Casey, and Representative Tim Ryan of Ohio—disdains this political tip-toeing and wants to tap into the pro-restriction voters, 56 percent of whom supported Bush in 2004. They are standing up to both their church and their party by supporting birth control *and* insisting on a lower abortion rate. And they are putting substance behind this position. In September, Ryan introduced legislation in the House that includes a combination of prevention measures—funding for teen pregnancy prevention programs, improved access to contraception—and support for women who want to have their babies.

But Casey won his party nomination because of the iron fist of Senator Chuck Schumer, and the other pro-life Democrats have faced little opposition to their abortion views. Ritter, in contrast, has battled on his own. One at a time, he won over supporters by convincing them that it was possible to be pro-life without wanting the Democratic Party to change its stance on *Roe* v. *Wade*. Finally, after several potential challengers had come and gone, Ritter walked through the Democratic primary in May with no opposition.

These days, the abortion issue only comes up when Ritter's opponent raises it, and almost everyone agrees it's a desperation move as Ritter surges in the polls. Ritter has successfully taken abortion off the table. He has illustrated how people who answer to the labels "pro-life" and "pro-choice" can still reach agreement on the value of reducing abortion rates through prevention of intended pregnancies and not by locking up doctors and women. If the conversation Bill Ritter has started in Colorado spreads throughout the country, there may be many more angry meetings and tears. But, when the tears dry, there may also be a Democrat in the White House. ■

Bush v. *Times*.
Full Court Press

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

BILL KELLER CAN'T sleep. It is four o'clock on a sticky morning in the summer of 2007, and the executive editor of *The New York Times* is pacing his home, cursing Attorney General Alberto Gonzales. Here is the root of his insomnia: A few months earlier, the Democrats recaptured the House. In a vindictive mood, Judiciary Committee Chairman John Conyers and his newly installed colleagues began raining subpoenas down upon the administration, forcing officials to answer embarrassing questions and producing photos of shell-shocked Bushies standing with their right hands in the air.

Desperate to change the subject, the White House begins pounding on its old favorite foil: the press. Gonzales follows through on a May 2006 threat to prosecute Keller's paper for disclosing the Bush administration's secret surveillance program and *The Washington Post* for revealing the existence of CIA secret prisons—twin violations, he claims, of the Espionage Act of 1917. At the same time, Gonzales appoints Patrick Fitzgerald as special counsel to prosecute the officials who leaked this classified information. As part of his leak-hunt, Fitzgerald subpoenas the phone records of *Times* reporters James Risen and Eric Lichtblau. When they refuse to comply with the subpoena, invoking the First Amendment, the judge then holds them in contempt. It's the Judith Miller saga all over again, only worse. While Risen and Lichtblau are in jail, another lower court judge holds that they have violated the Espionage Act, which prohibits the disclosure of national defense information that could be used to injure the United States. The Supreme Court eventually reverses the decision, but not before Risen and Lichtblau have spent more than a year in the slammer.

Several generations of American journalists have gone about their business with a sense of invincibility: an unquestioned belief that the First Amendment protects them from government retaliation in nearly any and all circumstances. But, since September 11, a series of lower court cases has revealed this complacent assumption to be based on a jurisprudential mirage. If the Bush administration decides to test the limits of the First Amendment, journalists will quickly learn that they have far fewer legal protections than they have long assumed. And Bill Keller may find himself losing sleep over far more reporters in orange jumpsuits.

WARS ARE NOTORIOUSLY bad for civil liberties. The cold war however, was another story. That's when the Supreme Court began systematically to protect the free-speech rights

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of dissenters. According to the media sociologist Michael Schudson, "In the 1950s, people began saying, 'We're the free world, they're not, and what distinguishes us from them is that they're godless and don't allow free speech and press.'" The apotheosis of this new era was the Supreme Court's 1971 decision *New York Times* v. *United States*, which ruled that the *Times* and the *Post* couldn't be stopped from publishing the Pentagon papers. It didn't hurt the news media's cause that these years were also the height of its *All the President's Men* glamour. "The heroic standing of the press in society at large had a glorious decade or so, from '65 to '75, and it's been more mixed since then," Schudson told me.

But, in truth, this decade was an aberration in U.S. legal history. From the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 to the Espionage Act, federal courts repeatedly upheld the prosecution of government critics, including journalists and writers, on the ground that their ideas might cause harm in the remote future. Indeed, after World War I, judges construed the federal Espionage Acts (a second one was passed in 1918) even more broadly than Congress had intended. More than 2,000 dissenters, including journalists, were prosecuted, and more than 1,000 were convicted. Many of the offenses could hardly be construed as threatening future harm. The editor of the socialist *Jewish Daily News* was convicted for declaring, "I am for the people and the government is for the profiteers."

By all indications, we may be on the verge of a similarly grim era for freedom of the press—or, rather, we may be reverting to the more constricted freedom that has predominated for most of our history. The White House seems determined to test the limits of the First Amendment. Consider, first of all, the possibility that Gonzales follows through on his threat to prosecute the *Times* for violating the Espionage Act. (He was not alone in this threat; the *Times* was accused of "treason" by Senator Jim Bunning, and House Republicans passed a resolution denouncing the paper for endangering American lives.) According to Geoffrey Stone of the University of Chicago Law School, an Espionage Act prosecution of the *Times* for reporting leaks would be unprecedented. "I'm not aware in the entire history of America of an attorney general threatening to prosecute the media for publishing confidential information," he told me. "There's no clear law either way because it hasn't happened before. But, if we could get through 220 years without the executive feeling it's necessary to prosecute the press for publishing confidential information, that's pretty strong evidence we don't need it."

If the Bush administration tried to prosecute journalists under the Espionage Act, the Supreme Court might eventually rule for the press, on the grounds that the disclosures served the public interest and posed no risk of imminent harm to the nation. But the administration could silence its critics just as effectively by launching an investigation to identify who leaked secret information to the *Times* and the *Post*—and then issuing subpoenas demanding that reporters identify their sources.

In a troubling case decided last August, a federal district judge in Alexandria, Virginia, held that the First Amendment doesn't protect private citizens who reveal national security secrets. He upheld the prosecution of Keith Weissman and Steven J. Rosen (no relation), two former lobbyists for the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, under the Espionage Act—the same law that the Bush administration has invoked to threaten the *Times*. Previous decisions had held that public employees are far more vulnerable to prosecution for leaking classified information than private citizens and journalists. But the judge in *United States* v. *Rosen* made no allowance for the fact that Weissman and Rosen were private citizens. Because they had told journalists and Israeli officials about classified information obtained from the Defense Department, the judge held, they could be punished for sharing information "potentially harmful" to national security. This contradicts more than 50 years of Supreme Court precedents, which say that private citizens can be restrained from speaking or writing only when there is an imminent danger of serious harm. Although Rosen and Weissman weren't journalists, their case will make it easier for the government to file charges against actual reporters (such as Risen or Lichtblau) who receive or solicit classified information.

If the Bush administration launches a leak investigation to identify the *Times*' sources in the NSA story, Risen and Lichtblau would be called to testify just as Miller was, and—if they refused to testify—they, too, could be imprisoned for contempt of court. Courts have said repeatedly that the government has far more discretion to investigate leaks than to punish newspapers for publishing classified information. Indeed, the Miller case itself is now on the books as a warning that reporters in federal courts have no First Amendment privilege to refuse to testify in legitimate investigations. It was obvious that Fitzgerald was flamboyantly overreaching in the Miller case from the moment he filed obstruction of justice charges against Scooter Libby, rather than charging any government official with breaking the federal law against disclosing the identity of covert CIA operatives that he was originally appointed to investigate. But, when former Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage admitted in August that he was the source who revealed Valerie Plame's identity as a CIA operative to the columnist Robert Novak, the magnitude of Fitzgerald's hubris became even harder to ignore: What need was there to force Miller of the *Times* and Matt Cooper of *Time* to testify about who told them about Plame, when Fitzgerald already knew the main culprit?

Now the Fitzgerald investigation, which John Tierney of the *Times* has accurately called "Nadagate," has morphed into even more of a First Amendment Chernobyl. To defend himself against Fitzgerald's prosecution, Libby has subpoenaed Cooper's notes and e-mails—material that could expose imprecision in Cooper's testimony about

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their meetings. In May, a federal district judge held that the First Amendment didn't protect Cooper from having to turn some of his notes over to Libby. The spectacle of Cooper being repeatedly grilled about his conversations with a peripheral source for a story he never wrote is the starkest reminder of the fact that journalists have no legal right to avoid testifying in any federal investigation or trial, no matter how chilling the effect on their ability to do their job.

But Nadagate is only the most famous example of journalists being ordered to testify against their will in recent federal leak investigations. In August, two *San Francisco Chronicle* reporters were ordered to identify their sources for stories about the secret grand jury testimony of Major League Baseball players in connection with the Bay Area Laboratory Co-operative (BALCO) steroid investigation. And, in June, five news organizations reached a private settlement with the nuclear scientist Wen Ho Lee—in connection with his suit against the government and FBI—for invading his privacy when they leaked information about him and his family to the press. Reporters from the news organizations— including the *Los Angeles Times*, *The New York Times*, and the Associated Press—had already been held in contempt of court for refusing to disclose the names of their sources in the Lee case, and one of the subpoenaed reporters confessed that news organizations feared that, if they litigated up to the Supreme Court, they would lose. They were right to worry, since the law is entirely against them.

The Miller, BALCO, and Lee cases all show that judges are unsympathetic toward reporters who try to withhold testimony in leak investigations where a public official has arguably committed a crime—such as illegally divulging the identity of a covert operative in the Plame investigation, divulging grand jury information in the BALCO case, or violating the Privacy Act in the Lee case. "What unifies all the cases we've seen going forward is that the leaker may have committed a crime," Stone says. "That's very different from cases where the leaker is in a completely sympathetic situation," such as blowing the whistle on potentially illegal government activity.

These cases will put reporters who use classified leaks to disclose arguably illegal conduct by the Bush administration in an especially tight spot. Even though the NSA surveillance program and the CIA's coercive interrogation of enemy combatants, for example, were arguably illegal under existing law, the Bush administration tendentiously insisted that both programs were perfectly legal. Because both programs were classified, judges in leak investigations would be hard-pressed to treat the sources for the stories as sympathetic whistleblowers; instead, they could be viewed as potential criminals. And the reporters who published the classified information would be required to identify their sources, even though their Pulitzer Prize–winning reporting helped crystallize a political consensus that the administration may indeed have broken the law.

ONE WIDELY DISCUSSED solution to this assault on the press is a federal shield law, similar to the ones adopted by 49 states. In the wake of Nadagate, the Senate held hearings on a proposal that would require judges to balance the potential harms of the disclosure of classified information against the public interest in disseminating it. But, despite the support of principled conservatives like former Solicitor General Ted Olson, last month the Senate postponed consideration of the shield law until after the November elections, in the face of Justice Department objections.

And even in the unlikely event that a shield law passes a Republican Senate and survives a presidential veto, it still would probably fail to protect reporters from an overzealous president and determined prosecutors. In truth, the relative freedom enjoyed by the press since the Watergate era to publish national security information passed along by whistleblowers has reflected prosecutorial restraint more than reliable constitutional protections. As long as the White House and Justice Department classify as much information as possible and investigate every leak as vigorously as possible, the sight of journalists marched into jail may become alarmingly common. ■

The Pope's real enemy.

Cross Purposes

BY DAMON LINKER

LEFT AND RIGHT found plenty to disagree about in Pope Benedict XVI's September address at the University of Regensburg in Germany, but, on one point, there was virtual unanimity: that the Pope was out to defend the West against the Muslim world. Indeed, in his remarks, Benedict seemed to go out of his way to draw a stark contrast between Islam's "unreasonable" concept of God and Western Europe's much more admirable "synthesis between the Greek spirit and the Christian spirit." It was thus perfectly understandable for so many to conclude that the Pope's speech was meant primarily as a challenge to Islam.

Understandable, but wrong. Read in light of Joseph Ratzinger's ecclesiastical career, the Regensburg address looks less like an attack on Islam and more like an attack on secular Europe. Pope John Paul II often spoke of the new millennium as a "springtime of evangelization"—an age during which the Vatican would seek to win over skeptics around the world and especially in the secular West. In

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Regensburg, Benedict showed that he intends to continue John Paul's effort to turn back the advance of secularism. Unlike his predecessor, however, the new Pope rarely speaks of rebirth. Instead, he warns darkly about civilizational decline brought on by the waning of Christianity in Europe. In his view, the continent faces a stark choice: It will either reaffirm its Catholic-Christian roots or suffer cultural and demographic collapse. For Pope Benedict, the true battle is not between Islam and the West, but rather *within* the West. And the Church's most potent enemy is not Muslim extremism. It is liberalism.

AS WITH SO many of America's conservative intellectuals, Ratzinger began his career on the opposite side of the political-theological spectrum. Ordained a priest in 1951, Ratzinger was widely known by the time of the Second Vatican Council (1962–1965) as a supporter of liberal strains in the Church, siding with such reformist theologians as Hans Küng and Edward Schillebeeckx in their clashes with theological conservatives, endorsing the *nouvelle théologie* movement, and serving as an adviser to Cologne's progressive Cardinal Joseph Frings at the Council.

Yet, by the late '60s, the young theologian was moving rightward. Shocked by the student riots that shook German universities in 1968, Ratzinger resigned his chair at the decidedly left-wing University of Tübingen to take up a position at the more conservative University of Regensburg. He would later trace his break with the left to disgust with the anti-authoritarianism of the German student movement, as well as to its embrace of the gay-rights movement, which he considered to be fundamentally incompatible with Catholicism. In Ratzinger's words, "More and more, there was the impression that nothing stood fast in the church, that everything was up for revision." This was unacceptable to the young priest, who also worried that the "naïve optimism" of the theological left would soon lapse into "its opposite—radical pessimism and despairing nihilism."

By the time Pope John Paul II named him prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith in November 1981, Ratzinger was well-known as a defender of Catholic orthodoxy against various liberalizing trends in the Church. Over the coming years, he repeatedly demonstrated a willingness to use Vatican institutions to discipline theological dissidents, including his former ally Küng.

Ratzinger's clearest statement in defense of his agenda came in the extended interview that was published in 1985 as *The Ratzinger Report*. Responding to the charge that he was enforcing an authoritarian vision of the faith, Ratzinger insisted that upholding orthodoxy appears to be authoritarian only to those who begin by making unorthodox assumptions. Once one accepts what the Church has always asserted about itself—that it was established by Christ for the sake of spreading his gift of salvation throughout the world, and that it is prevented from lapsing into fundamental error in matters of faith and morals by the ministrations of the holy spirit—then dissent begins to look like active rebellion against the will of God. Ratzinger went on to claim that, whether the challenge to ecclesiastical authority came from quasi-Marxist liberation theology in Latin America or from liberal theologians in Europe and the United States, the Vatican had no choice but to reprimand apostates and call them back to the way, the truth, and the life proclaimed by Christ and embodied in his Church. Ratzinger's message was clear: Catholicism was incompatible with theological pluralism.

IN SUBSEQUENT YEARS, as the influence of leftist theologians in the Church began to wane, Ratzinger devoted increasing attention to the world outside the Vatican. Instead of focusing entirely on policing Catholicism, he sought to engage the larger culture, which, in the West at least, had grown increasingly secular.

For Ratzinger—as for his many theoconservative admirers in the United States—modern European history amounts to one assault after another on the truth proclaimed by the Church. From the Jacobins and utopian socialists in the aftermath of the French Revolution to twentieth-century Nazis and Communists, the Vatican has been confronted by one bloodthirsty secular assailant after another for the last 200 years. According to Ratzinger, today's liberalism is just the latest in this long line of anti-Catholic ideologies. Where liberalism differs from its predecessors is in its approach to denying the authority of Catholicism. While earlier ideologies professed their own final truths to rival the one articulated by the Church, liberalism spreads by inculcating indifference to the truth—an indifference that Ratzinger believes amounts to relativism, or a denial of any truth at all.

Ratzinger focused on the threat of relativism at the Votive Mass for the Election of a New Pope on April 18, 2005, the day before he was chosen to succeed John Paul II; many Vatican observers have speculated that it was this homily that ensured his election by the College of Cardinals. Expounding on the passage of Saint Paul's letter to the Ephesians in which faith is described as being "tossed here and there, carried about by every wind of doctrine," Ratzinger complained that those Christians who have "a clear faith, based on the Creed of the Church" are today labeled as fundamentalists, while relativism "seems the only attitude that can cope with modern times." The West is fast moving, he asserted, toward a "dictatorship of relativism that does not recognize anything as definitive and whose ultimate goal consists solely of one's own ego and desires." Seven weeks later, now as Pope Benedict XVI, Ratzinger expanded on his remarks, arguing that relativism is a central problem for the Church in our time.

And not only for the Church. In an address to the Italian Senate on May 13, 2004, then-Cardinal Ratzinger described a spiritual, cultural, and political "crisis" facing the Western world. This lecture has now been expanded and published in English as *Without Roots: The West, Relativism, Christianity, Islam*, and it lays out what the new Pope sees as a central task of his pontificate. Benedict believes that, although

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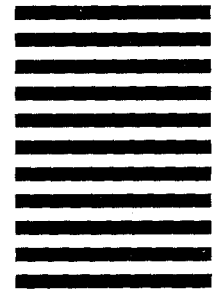

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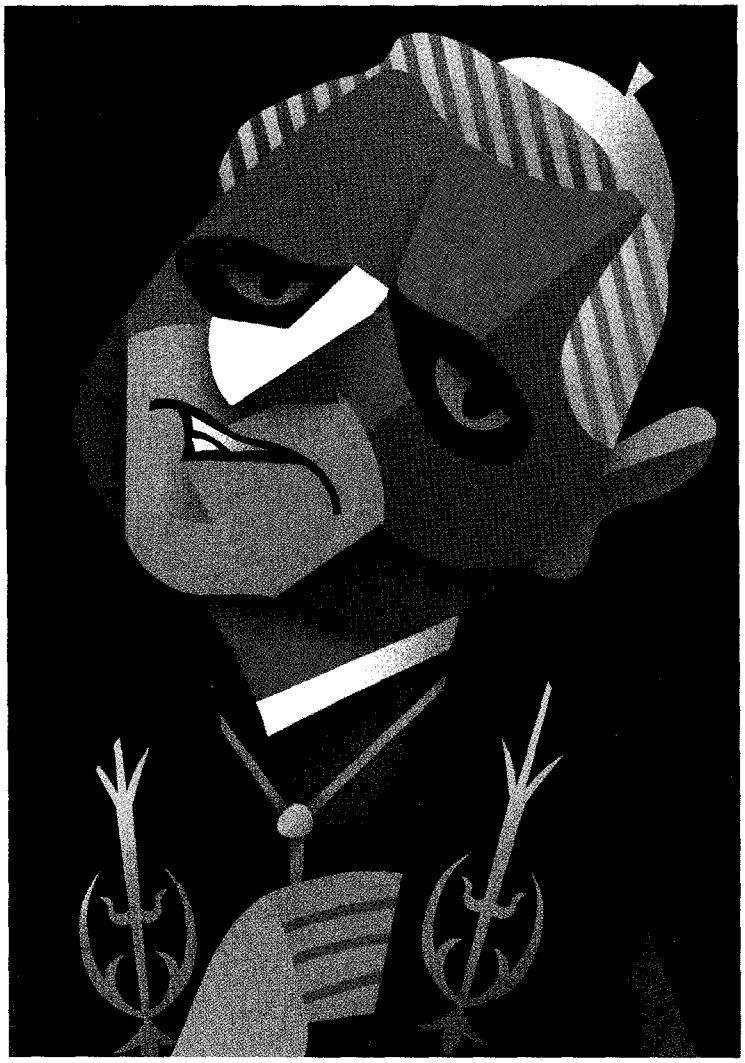

DAVID COWLES

Europe retains "enduring political and economic power," it is "on the road to decline and fall." Drawing a "clear comparison between today's situation and the decline of the Roman Empire," the Pope likens contemporary Europe to Rome's final days, when it "still functioned" despite undergoing a slow-motion collapse. He even approvingly invokes philosopher Oswald Spengler's biological imagery, once favored by the European far-right, to describe a continent "internally paralyzed by a failure of its circulatory system that is endangering its life" and leading to the depletion of its "vital energy."

Given the gravity of the diagnosis, one might expect an exhaustive litany of symptoms; but Benedict lists remarkably few, all of them related in one way or another to sex, the perennial preoccupation of the Catholic Church. There is, first and foremost, the collapse of marriage and the family, brought about by "easier forms of divorce" and "cohabitation between a man and a woman without the legal form of marriage." Even worse, homosexuals have begun to demand that their unions be legally recognized, which falls "outside the moral history of humanity." By far the most troubling consequence of these developments is the staggering decline in fertility rates across the continent. In Benedict's view, contemporary Europe's disregard of Christian norms on sex and the family is a sign of "Western self-hatred" that is leading the continent to the brink of self-destruction. Secularism, the Pope intends us to conclude, leads inexorably to demographic suicide.

Convinced that Europe has reached its current state because God has become a "private question" with little relevance to European public life, Benedict proposes that the continent return to "absolute values" grounded in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. He holds out hope for the reintroduction of strict Catholicism into Europe as a cure for the "illness" that plagues it. To administer the cure, the Church needs to recruit spiritual soldiers devoted to the cause of evangelization—"convinced minorities in the Church, for the Church, and above all beyond the Church and for society." According to the Pope, these emissaries will be instrumental in proposing a "civil Christian religion" for Europe as a whole—a public religion that will bridge the continent's profound "separation between secularists and Catholics."

AS ANYONE WHO has traveled to Europe in recent years will recognize, Benedict is on to something. Parts of the continent (especially France) do seem plagued by something like a spiritual malaise. The falling out with the United States and Great Britain over Iraq; the rejection of the EU constitution by voters in France and the Netherlands; persistently high unemployment; anxiety about unassimilated, impoverished, increasingly violent Muslim immigrants—there are many sources and expressions of contemporary European self-doubt and uncertainty.

Benedict would have us believe that all of these maladies flow from secularism. This conviction is perfectly understandable. It would be foolish to expect the leader of the world's billion Catholics to take a different or more complicated position, and not simply because defending the interests of the Vatican is part of the Pope's job description. Building on the anguished outlook of the most plaintive Old Testament psalms, Christians have long insisted that moments of despair, far from distorting our vision or judgment, actually reveal the profoundest human truth—man's inextinguishable longing for God. Arguably the most beautiful expression of this position can be found in Augustine's *Confessions*: "You have made us for yourself, O Lord, and our heart is restless until it rests in you." It is neither surprising nor alarming that the bishop of Rome would conclude that the despondency of overwhelmingly secular Europeans is, at bottom, a pining for God. What *is* troubling is that, instead of responding to European despair by advocating and funding a missionary program to reevangelize

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secularists in the private sphere, Benedict has decided that what Europe needs above all is a less secular—and more explicitly Christian—public sphere.

There is, of course, next to no chance of Europeans following the Pope's lead on this matter, and for very good reasons. Consider the long view of European history: By almost any measure, Europe is much better off now than it has been for most of its past. Wracked for centuries by vicious warfare, the continent has today settled down into a lasting peace fortified by significant steps toward economic and political integration. While several core members of the European Union have structural economic problems that need to be confronted, Europe remains extraordinarily prosperous, leading the world in its standard of living and health care access, as well as in many other measures of overall quality of life.

When it comes to democratic politics, Europe has finally moved beyond the seemingly endless wars of attrition between factions of the anti-liberal right and left that polarized political life on the continent for much of the past 200 years. In place of sectarian conflict between defenders of orthodox piety and privilege on the one hand and a succession of anti-clerical secular religions on the other, Europe today has a hard-won appreciation for liberal pluralism. Europeans, on the whole, tend to understand better than many Americans that liberal government works best when it refuses to offer comprehensive answers to ultimate human questions—when it seeks to be (in the words of the late John Rawls) political, not metaphysical.

Viewed in light of Europe's rocky history of religious strife, it's hard to know what to make of Benedict's claim that "there is nothing sectarian" about his proposal for an increased Catholic role in the public affairs of the continent. The Pope himself admits, after all, that the passionate Catholics who should work to forge a new Christian civil religion for Europe will be, at most, a "convinced minority." If proposing that a minority of staunch Catholics provide a comprehensive religious ideology for the whole of Europe doesn't count as an act of sectarianism, it's hard to know what would.

Benedict presumably believes that the effort to inject Catholicism into European public life will avoid sectarianism because those leading the effort will merely propose their faith to their fellow citizens, not impose it on them. This way of describing the interactions between believers and non-believers—popularized by Pope John Paul II—sounds eminently reasonable, at least until we recall that politics always involves the exercise of power and the expression of collective identity. What Benedict is suggesting, in effect, is that a well-organized but culturally peripheral part of European society should get to define the whole of European society—that its members should seek to exercise political rule in the name of their faith. This is a bad idea in any liberal political system, as the United States is currently learning with the sectarian demands of its own religious right, but it is an especially pernicious suggestion in Europe, with its long and bloody history of factional and ideological conflict.

Benedict's political judgment is little better when it comes to what he sees as the greatest threat currently facing the continent: its rapidly declining birthrates. The Pope would have us believe that the decision of millions of Europeans to have fewer children is a sign that the continent is "infected by a strange lack of desire for the future"—and that this existential resignation is proof that a secular society produces nothing less than a "dissolution of the image of humankind." Yet a glance at the demographic data reveals a more complex reality. If Catholic piety alone led people to have larger families, we would expect to find Europe's highest fertility rate in Poland, where conservative Catholicism remains a powerful cultural force. In fact, however, Poland's fertility rate is among Europe's—and the world's—lowest (1.25 children born per woman, according to current estimates). Similarly low rates are found in Catholic Spain and Italy (1.28 in both). Meanwhile, fertility rates in historically Protestant—and, today, thoroughly secular—Scandinavia are much higher (1.78 in Norway, 1.74 in Denmark, 1.73 in Finland, and 1.66 in Sweden). All of which suggests that variables other than Catholicism play a much stronger role in determining how many children a society produces.

BENEDICT MAY BE wrong about the causes of declining fertility. But he is correct to observe that, over time, low fertility among native Europeans combined with Muslim immigration could lead to the Islamization of the continent. This is a legitimate cause for concern. Europe as a whole may no longer think of itself as Christian, but its moral assumptions and sensibilities are undeniably post-Christian, drawing freely on ideals of human equality and dignity—not to mention the notion of separating God from Caesar—that ultimately derive directly from Christian sources. A Europe in which a large minority—let alone a plurality or a majority—of citizens took their moral bearings from Islam would have a very different moral and political character.

Still, however justified Benedict's concerns about this possibility, we have ample reason to reject his proposals for how to respond to the Muslim challenge. The Pope has insisted, for instance, that genuine interfaith dialogue will be possible only if the West first embraces its "own heritage of the sacred." The failure to do so, Benedict warns, will automatically antagonize non-Christians who believe that "there is something deeply alien about the absolute secularism that is developing in the West" and that "a world without God has no future." Since some other faiths view the "exclusion of the divine from the universality of reason as an attack on their most profound convictions," Benedict argued at Regensburg, the West must stop relegating "religion into the realm of subcultures" and openly acknowledge that, rightly understood, religion undergirds all cultures and civilizations in all times and places. If the West does not follow this path, he warned, a genuine "dialogue of cultures" will be impossible.

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Even leaving aside the unlikelihood of the modern West placing Christianity at the core of its identity, the Pope's proposal is a singularly unhelpful one. Consider the main theme of Benedict's Regensburg lecture. There he made it quite clear that the West's reaffirmation of its Catholic-Christian identity entails that it move beyond postmodern skepticism to appreciate and uphold the value of reason. This sounds sensible enough—except that Benedict also indicated that he considers reason to be far more than a neutral, analytical faculty for drawing distinctions and weighing evidence. For the Pope, reason is synonymous with "the biblical concept of God." Whatever else this might mean, it surely implies that the Christian construal of divinity is more reasonable than any other, including Islam's. As David Nirenberg has argued in these pages, it is exceedingly odd to propose dialogue with interlocutors whose reasonableness is automatically denied at the outset ("What Benedict Really Said," October 9).

But perhaps the Pope's biggest mistake is to misunderstand the nature of the conflict between Islam and the West as primarily a clash of competing religious convictions—when, in fact, it is mainly a clash of competing political philosophies. The popular appeal of Islamism throughout the Muslim world derives in large part from its furious insistence that the whole of life—not only individually but also collectively—must be oriented toward theological ends. As long as large numbers of Muslims remain receptive to this message, they will continue to be tempted by totalitarian schemes to unify their collective lives. The West's greatest, and perhaps only, hope of contributing to the moderation of contemporary Islam is to persuade Muslims to accept that pluralism is the default condition of modernity—and that personal piety can flourish in conditions of political freedom. It is our duty, in other words, to make the best possible case for the compatibility of devout faith and secular politics—a compatibility that, to judge from his recent political interventions, the Pope appears to deny.

The troubling truth is that on the most pressing issue currently facing the democratic governments of the West—how they should respond to the formidable challenge posed by militant Islam at home and abroad—Pope Benedict gets things exactly backward. Abandoning liberalism in favor of the strictly orthodox Catholicism favored by the Pope is the last thing Europe needs today. Such a development would almost certainly lead the continent back to a world of religiously inspired social and political strife—a world from which it only recently managed to extricate itself—while diminishing the chances that pluralism could ever make significant inroads in the Muslim world. That Europe's remarkable political and economic achievements over the past 60 years have been made possible in large part by its belated embrace of liberal ideals—including the ideal of public secularism—is something that Benedict seems not to appreciate or even comprehend. Luckily, his fellow Europeans appear to know better—to recognize that, far from being the source of our most intractable problems, liberalism remains our best hope for a solution. ■

James Baker returns.

Baker's Choice

BY RYAN LIZZA

HE HAS MET with every significant figure in the Iraqi government and even with members of anti-occupation militias. He has quietly reached out to representatives from both Syria and Iran. He has begun discussions with Jordan, Turkey, and Saudi Arabia to lay the groundwork for internationalizing the Iraq crisis. According to *The New York Times*, he meets regularly with President Bush. It's widely expected that, after the election, he will offer the definitive blueprint for how to move forward on Iraq. Dick Cheney? Donald Rumsfeld? Stephen Hadley? No, the person who is poised to emerge as perhaps the most important figure in the Iraq debate is graying eminence James Baker.

These days, the diplomatic energy spent on Iraq isn't coming from Foggy Bottom or the Pentagon, but from an office building near Dupont Circle, where the 76-year-old Baker and nine other Washington establishmentarians have spent the last eight months working on Iraq policy options to be presented sometime before February. Technically, Baker is merely the co-chairman of the commission, which is officially known as the Iraq Study Group. (The Democratic co-chairman is Lee Hamilton.) But there's a reason almost everyone calls it "the Baker Commission." With little fanfare, Baker has become America's shadow secretary of state, boasting an Iraq portfolio broader than that of anyone actually serving in the administration.

If the war in Iraq sometimes seems like the tragic consequence of the psychodrama starring Bush 41 and Bush 43, Baker's imminent return to center stage will move the plot along nicely. Ever since 1970, when the 40-year-old Baker abandoned his Democratic Party registration and signed on to help manage the (losing) Senate campaign of the elder Bush, Baker's life has been deeply entwined with those of the Bushes—a fact that is already raising suspicions about his commission's looming proposals.

On the left, the conventional wisdom about Baker's return is that the Bush family loyalist will craft his recommendations to provide a face-saving cover for Bush's own modest course corrections in Iraq. On the right, Baker's ascent is eyed warily as an ideological rebuke to the neocons from the realist foreign policy establishment they sought to overthrow. But loyalty and ideology are only part of the Baker DNA. What he really craves is respect. The Bushes set Baker on his path to power, helping him become White House chief of staff, secretary of the Treasury, and secretary of state; but they have, at other times, undercut Baker's vainglorious self-

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image by dragging him into what he regarded as gutter-level political assignments—most recently, during the 2000 Florida recount, in which he successfully managed Bush's victory.

Those who know Baker insist that his vanity will ultimately triumph. "What's important about the psychology of James Baker is that he wants to be remembered as a statesman, not a political hack," says a former aide who worked closely with Baker for several years. "That's why the Iraq Study Group is perfect for him. ... He does not want the first line written about him in his obituary to be, 'James Baker, the man who delivered the contested election to George W. Bush.' " If the Bush 41–Bush 43 psychodrama got us into Iraq, it may be the Bush-Baker psychodrama that gets us out.

ONE MISTAKE OBSERVERS often make regarding Baker is the assumption that all Bush family loyalists are the same. The archetype is Andy Card, who not only recognized his role as hired help but reveled in it. Baker never fit that mold. He has always had a peer-to-peer relationship with the elder Bush. He once returned some presidential ribbing from Poppy with a "two-syllable, down-home expletive," according to the *Times*. "The way I've always thought of them is as brothers," says the former Baker aide. "They've known each other for a long time. The way they bonded was over the loss of Baker's first wife"—who died of cancer in 1970—"but they're also like brothers in that they fight like hell. They are close but also capable of not liking each other."

The recurring drama of Baker's government career was his effort to carve out an identity as a respected statesman rather than merely a political fixer. Baker once told *The Washington Post* that his work rounding up Republican delegates for Gerald Ford in 1976 was "demeaning." He once told the *Times* that he disliked traveling with Bush senior because he felt like "the goddamn butler."

After serving as Ronald Reagan's chief of staff during his first term and managing the reelection campaign that earned him a second, Baker was rewarded in 1985 with the post of Treasury secretary, where he earned plaudits for helping negotiate the international monetary agreement known as the Plaza Accord, as well as the 1986 tax-reform package. But, in 1988, Bush lassoed the reluctant Baker from his comfortable perch and placed him in charge of running his faltering presidential campaign. James Baker, statesman, reverted to James Baker, hack, running a campaign that became infamous for its slash-and-burn viciousness. "Do you think I enjoyed leaving the office of secretary of Treasury, being fifth in line to the presidency, to come over here to be called a handler?" Baker once snapped to a *Boston Globe* reporter visiting his dingy campaign headquarters after the move.

After helping Bush win, he was again handsomely compensated, this time with the post of secretary of state, where he spent a consequential four years managing the end of the cold war, the reunification of Germany, and the Gulf war. But, as he traveled the world in 1992 basking in the diplomatic glow that followed success in Iraq, his boss' reelection campaign was fizzling. The inevitable call from Bush came that summer. Baker again resisted, but Bush again wore him down. The secretary of state gritted his teeth and decamped to the White House to try to jumpstart the Bush presidency. His reluctance to descend from the heights of Foggy Bottom, perhaps costing Bush the race, would earn him the scorn of George W. Bush.

If Baker had an inflated view of himself vis-à-vis Bush 41—"Every morning, Jim Baker looks in the mirror and says, 'You're better looking than George Bush. You're smarter. Why aren't you president?' " a Republican consultant told THE NEW REPUBLIC in 1992—one can only imagine his view of 43. Actually, a flip through Baker's new memoir, *Work Hard, Study ... and Keep Out of Politics!*, gives a pretty clear indication. There's George W. Bush on page 10, remembered as an "office boy" at Baker's Texas law firm. Later, while Baker negotiates the 1981 budget deal with a Democratic House member from Texas, there's a drive-by reference to Bush as the guy whom the congressman had beaten to win reelection. Bush pops up again in 1988 as "the ever-playful presidential son." At another point, Baker confides, "I always liked him, but I wouldn't have taken a bet in the late '50s or early '60s that he might ever be a governor, much less a candidate for president."

The younger Bush, for his part, famously froze Baker out of his own presidential campaign. "When George W. started preparing for his possible presidential run, a steady stream of policy advisers, political consultants, and GOP heavyweights began flowing into Austin to test his intentions and offer advice and help," Baker writes. "I was not among them, and that was okay with me." (One might be forgiven for believing the inclusion of this passage suggests that it wasn't so okay, after all.)

And, when Bush finally did call Baker, it wasn't to ask for his views on foreign policy. Rather, Baker was brought in to handle the messy, divisive Florida recount, an assignment he seems to have had mixed feelings about taking. "Florida was not the Middle East and fighting over vote recounts was not a high-level diplomatic mission, but in my view helping to preserve the integrity of a presidential election was plenty important," Baker writes, a tad defensively. "My aura as a statesman would just have to take its chances." In typical Baker fashion, he tried to find a balance between statesman and hack, partly by limiting his presence on television. "I didn't want to go out there every day as some sort of hired-gun pol, despite what some of the Bush-Cheney advisers in Austin might have wanted," he writes, taking an idle slap at the Bush team.

Baker seems almost haunted by his role in Florida. At every turn in his retelling of the Florida recount, he comes back to what seems to him to be the most pressing historical question of those five weeks in 2000: Did he sully himself? "I'm sometimes asked," he writes, "if I think I tarnished my reputation by going into the trenches of the Florida election dispute." Not that he thinks he did, mind you. All he's saying is that sometimes people ask.

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BAKER HAS TAKEN on a handful of diplomatic missions in the last six years—Iraqi debt relief, some thorny negotiations over democratic reforms in Tbilisi—but nothing that enhances his aura as a statesman nearly as much as his current assignment could. As usual, he is sensitive to the charge that his work is political rather than substantive. "Everybody knows how close I am to the family," he said recently, perhaps sending a warning to the White House. "But if they think that I'm going to somehow pre-cook a deal here or something, they're absolutely wrong." As for Bush, he hardly gushes with praise for Baker. "I like him," the president told a group of conservative writers recently. "Listen, the guy is a skilled guy. He is a very, very confident person, as you know." Not exactly criticism, but not quite a compliment either, given that the attribute that Bush admires in his staff is humility, not confidence.

Among the experts on the advisory groups of the commission, Baker is a Sphinx-like figure. "During Baker's recent media blitz," says one of the Iraq Study Group advisers, speaking of Baker's book tour, "I heard him talk more in his interviews than in any of our meetings. And *say* more." Baker has shrouded the panel's operations in secrecy. At first, he and Hamilton demanded that all members of the working groups refrain from any public comments about Iraq while working for the commission, an idea that was nixed only when they realized it would cripple public debate about the war for a year. Instead, the experts agreed not to discuss the commission's internal deliberations, a ban that was effective until this fall, when someone leaked to *The New York Sun* the policy options Baker and his team were considering. The commissioners responded to the leak with what one adviser calls "a blackout. All meetings were canceled. We were absolutely closed off from the commission members."

The expert working groups themselves are civil but balkanized. "What's been frustrating about the experts who have been advising us," says a commission staffer, "is the endless foreign-community pissing matches—with each other and in the press. All these leaks are coming from them. There is so much bitterness, neocons versus realists. It's unbelievable."

But the advisory panels are not really the ones driving the process. Baker and his fellow commissioners are. The most common criticism from the experts is not that Baker is steering the discussions to benefit Bush or trying to discredit the neocons, but that his goal of generating consensus recommendations among the commission's Republicans (Robert Gates, Edwin Meese, Sandra Day O'Connor, and Alan Simpson) and Democrats (Hamilton, Vernon Jordan, Leon Panetta, William Perry, and Chuck Robb) will lead to paralysis. "This isn't a *non*-partisan group, it's a *bi*partisan group," says one of the advisers. "They are looking for a broadly politically acceptable way to advance America's interests. They are not looking for the most creative way."

Publicly, Baker has already tipped his hand about what he thinks the proper course is. He has ruled out Democratic Senator Joe Biden's plan for three autonomous regions, arguing that it would exacerbate divisions and move the country closer to all-out civil war; he has also come out against an immediate withdrawal of troops. At the same time, he has repeatedly criticized the "stay the course" option associated with Bush. What's left are probably two options more associated with the center-left foreign policy establishment. The first is a modified version of the withdrawal plan proposed by the Center for American Progress's Lawrence Korb, which the Baker Commission refers to as "Redeploy and Contain." Troops would be moved into neighboring countries, where they would only be used for quick strikes against terrorists in Iraq, and the administration would concentrate on international diplomacy, including talks with Iran and Syria, to solve Iraq's political problems. The other option leaked is "Stability First," a cousin of the plan proposed by Kenneth Pollack at the Brookings Institution. It would focus the lion's share of U.S. troops on stabilizing Baghdad and turning it into a model for the rest of Iraq, a move that would, the thinking goes, start to change perceptions about the occupation and smooth the path toward national reconciliation and an oil-sharing agreement.

According to commission staffers, the few neocons advising the panel argue internally about the global repercussions of losing the war, but they are hobbled because they have no specific plan they are pushing. They are most concerned about Baker's interest in opening dialogue with Syria and Iran and the possibility that the commission will recommend an emergency government—i.e., a strongman—that would spell the end of democracy in Iraq. Baker himself has spoken about a "representative" government, rather than a "democratic" one. But one of the commission's advisers says that Baker "doesn't necessarily want to abandon democracy. [He] was skeptical that forgoing democracy would make our lives any easier or enhance the prospects of stability."

ALMOST EVERYONE I interviewed agreed that the midterm elections will move the debate left, not right. "What happens in the election is absolutely going to have bearing on what the final recommendations are," says one commission adviser, echoing comments from several others. A big Democratic victory would increase Baker's leverage with Bush regarding how to proceed in Iraq.

Baker has declined previous entreaties to join the Bush administration, but, ironically, in his current role he is shaping up to be more influential than anyone in the Cabinet. Still, some of Baker's admirers think he may eventually require a title upgrade. "If the Baker commission recommends a fairly far-reaching strategy of new regional talks and new diplomacy and links it to other issues in the Middle East, I personally think that Bush is going to need a new person to execute that strategy," says one of the commission's expert advisers. "And I can't think of anyone better than Baker." The shadow secretary, in other words, may soon be out of the shadows. ■

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Men at Arms

A SOLDIER, ALL ALONE, climbs the top of a mountain on Iwo Jima. The summit is wide terrain scarred by battle. The field is deserted. The soldier is bewildered. Then we see the same man years later, now white-haired, waking from a nightmare, comforted by his wife beside him. Thus two elements of this film are fixed at once: the time planes and the haunting.

FLAGS OF OUR FATHERS
(Paramount)

These are the first minutes of **FLAGS OF OUR FATHERS**, Clint Eastwood's new film about the battle of Iwo Jima in 1945. When word came of an Eastwood film on this subject, the blood didn't exactly freeze, but it did become tepid. Did the twenty-first century really need another gung-ho tale of World War II? Eastwood's reply is no. His film is crammed with physical horror and courage in crisis, but the intent is not mere replication of battle. Under the carnage, Eastwood is searching for something deeper than details.

What is collaterally almost as interesting as the film itself is the fact that this searching is going on. This picture about the effects of war, short and long range, comes from an actor-director who earned a large part of his reputation by killing. Yes, he made *The Bridges of Madison County* and *Mystic River* and *Million Dollar Baby* and other exceptions, but the Eastwood persona grew through those Westerns in which his quasi-mystic figure settled people's hashes, as well as through the Dirty Harry series. The man who fixed his Magnum on a crook as he incised the phrase "Make my day" on American fantasy is the man who directed *Flags of Our Fathers*.

The battle for the island of Iwo Jima is a prime site for Eastwood's concern. One island after another—including Midway and the Solomon Islands—had been secured as stepping-stones toward the invasion of Japan. By February 1945, the United States Army Air Forces argued that Iwo Jima, only eight square miles in size but situated just 760 miles from Tokyo, was essential as a refueling station for bombers. Well aware of this, the Japanese forces fought even more fiercely. There were 22,000 Japanese soldiers on this little patch of ground—which, as the film says, was considered part of Japan itself and therefore holy—and they had been ordered to die rather than surrender. In a month of intense fighting, 18,000 Japanese and 6,000 Americans were killed. Out of this massive slaughter arose an incident that Eastwood uses as a speculum for moral inquiry. But before he gets to it, he gives us the invasion itself.

The picture is spectacular. The assault on Iwo Jima was shot in Iceland, which has black sand similar to the Japanese island's. The naval approach, the dozens of troopships and warships stretching oceanwide, the waves of landing craft—all are of course available now by digital means, but even digital means can overwhelm. The combat scenes give us shivering clarity about the Iraq-worn term "embedded." And the long battle is braided with numerous sequences back home, at various points in time.

All this vast imperium was under the hand of a man who is now seventy-six. The co-producer was Steven Spielberg, who made the unforgettable D-day opening of *Saving Private Ryan*; presumably Spielberg could and did advise. But there is no reason to think that Eastwood did not shoot every frame and construct the picture as he chose.

The screenplay, by William Broyles Jr. and Paul Haggis, is based on a book by James Bradley and Ron Powers. Bradley is the son of one of the men who raised the flag on Iwo Jima—we see the son, a grown man, from time to time interviewing people. The film is centered on the famous photograph of the six servicemen raising the flag on the summit of a mountain, then moves from it to America then and America now, and then back to Iwo Jima. The screenplay does not skimp the staginess of the flag-raising (it was done twice for a photographer), but there is no touch of cynicism toward the men who did it, only a steady view of the incident as part of the flow of history. The Eastwood masculinity is now seen in this context. That makes it both stronger and more proportionate.

Three of the men involved in the photograph are sent back to the States in 1945 to help in a bond drive. Under the steely hand of a government manager, they are put through vaudeville paces at a number of rallies, each more brassy than the last. At one banquet, each diner is served an ice-cream mold in the shape of the photograph. ("Chocolate or strawberry?" asks the waiter.) Bereaved relatives also appear, naturally quite different in tone. One of the three soldiers is an Indian, as they were still called, named Ira Hayes, who is constantly being teased about squaws and the reservation, and who has a berserk episode when a bar refuses to serve him. (In 1961 Tony Curtis gave a grim performance as Hayes in *The Outsider*, which detailed the fate of the veteran who had the bad luck not to be Caucasian.)

Eastwood, with his editor, Joel Cox, has woven a texture of reciprocal lights and glints. Throughout the film Eastwood slams the factuality of combat against attitudes toward it, even among those who think they are sympathetic. In order to deal with this gigantic event, to package and handle it, the government and the public put the word "hero" in play. The soldiers and marines who were there were courageous past belief, but heroism was not on their minds. They fought and survived or didn't. One of them says, "I just kept trying not to get killed," which he knows is insufficient yet is all he can say. Beneath all the action and attitudes is an implied recognition of war as ingrained in human

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genes. Eastwood seems to be saying that, before and during and after war, it is a constant referent.

Adam Beach, to put it practically, has the best role as Ira Hayes and fulfills it. None of the other characters is deeply developed, but Ryan Phillippe and Jesse Bradford tell some truth. The cinematographer, Tom Stern, has mastered what has become a new palette: the battle scenes could almost be in black and white, except that they are not. And the civilian clothes of 1945, especially the women's, are touched with only enough color to keep them from being parodic.

We must wonder why Eastwood (and Spielberg) decided to make this film in the midst of a war that, for many of us, is savagely satirizing war even as it murders along. *Flags of Our Fathers* could not have been intended to dramatize a just war, World War II, in comparison with Iraq: the political background in 1945 is never mentioned. Perhaps it was to remind us, ultimately, that a film about combat is, even at its most veristic, only a film, which we watch in comfort.

Eastwood and his questions are not finished. Simultaneously with this film he shot a film about Iwo Jima from the Japanese point of view. (Two films at the same time—by a director in his seventies.) It arrives next year, not a moment too soon. ■

Sarah Williams Goldhagen on Architecture

Dorm Art

A handful of contemporary architects, some widely known and others less so, are challenging the profession's penchant to prize the practice of architecture away from both landscape architecture and urban design. The three professions require different (if overlapping) bodies of knowledge: architects must account for structural dynamics, while landscape architects and urban designers need not; landscape architects should understand plant materials and regional ecologies, while architects need not (at least not necessarily); urban designers need a better grasp of how land-use laws and municipal policy constrain design possibilities than do architects or landscape architects. Still, in spite of these and other obstacles on the path of broad vistas, some architects, through collaboration, self-education, or simply force of will, are determinedly pressing beyond conventional boundaries to learn from their professional kin.

CAMPUS RECREATION CENTER, UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI
(Thom Mayne)

LULU CHOW WANG CAMPUS CENTER, WELLESLEY COLLEGE
(Mack Scogin and Merrill Elam)

For evidence of this intermeshing of architecture, landscape architecture, and urban design, consider the college student or recreation center. An ever more frequent and prominent addition to American institutions, the architectural and functional merit of these new student centers obviously varies. Two recently completed ones stand out: the Campus Recreation Center at the University of Cincinnati, by Thom Mayne of the Santa Monica–based firm Morphosis, and the Lulu Chow Wang Campus Center at Wellesley College, by the Atlanta-based Mack Scogin and Merrill Elam.

A student center, even sometimes a student recreation center, is almost by definition a grab bag of a building. In addition to its core functions, which typically include some sort of eating establishment, offices for student-run organizations, and areas for study, administrators toss in functions that do not quite fit elsewhere on campus, which might include any combination of bookstore, post office, gymnasium, conference rooms or classrooms, and other large spaces for campus events. This typical agglomeration of uses can militate against a sculptural or monumental design—what architects call an "object in a field," a striking and easily identifiable building, usually distinct from its surroundings. The object-in-a-field approach very often drives the design of museums, opera houses, city halls, and the like—more established building types that, not by coincidence, tend to dominate public discussions of architecture and the city.

In the student centers recently completed by Mayne and by Scogin and Elam, the architects grappled with this building type's sometimes contradictory and indisputably complex demands by eschewing the object in a field. These architects have shaped their designs less around the built object and more around their building's users: people, sentient beings who are at times stationary (lying, sitting, standing), at times ambulatory or even circumlocutory, who move through and use interior and exterior spaces while prospecting others inside and out.

Most architects seek and sometimes struggle in the design of a project to integrate the exterior image with the internal functions. Usually one or the other set of concerns predominates. Though the Cincinnati and Wellesley Centers vary greatly in budget, context, and design sensibility, considered together they demonstrate the virtues of resolving internal and external demands by giving utmost priority in design to the experiential perspective of a building's users. These buildings heighten their users' awareness of sensory impressions as well as spatial sequences and prospective views—what the American architect George Howe called the path of the feet and the eyes. Even in their large spaces, these buildings celebrate small-scale incident, quotidian human experience.

Mayne's Recreation Center is one of the latest projects to be completed in the University of Cincinnati's Extreme Makeover, which began in 1989 and continues seventeen years and more than $1 billion later. The university's administrators, hoping to urbanize and to attract boarders to a largely commuter campus, first adopted a curatorial approach, collecting edifices by signature architects such as Harry Cobb, Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, and Michael Graves. In 1991, George Hargreaves, a talented, internationally known landscape architect based in San Francisco, was brought in to rationalize this piecemeal strategy with a new campus master plan. Hargreaves developed a superbly counterintuitive long-term strategy, proposing that a centrally located but under-

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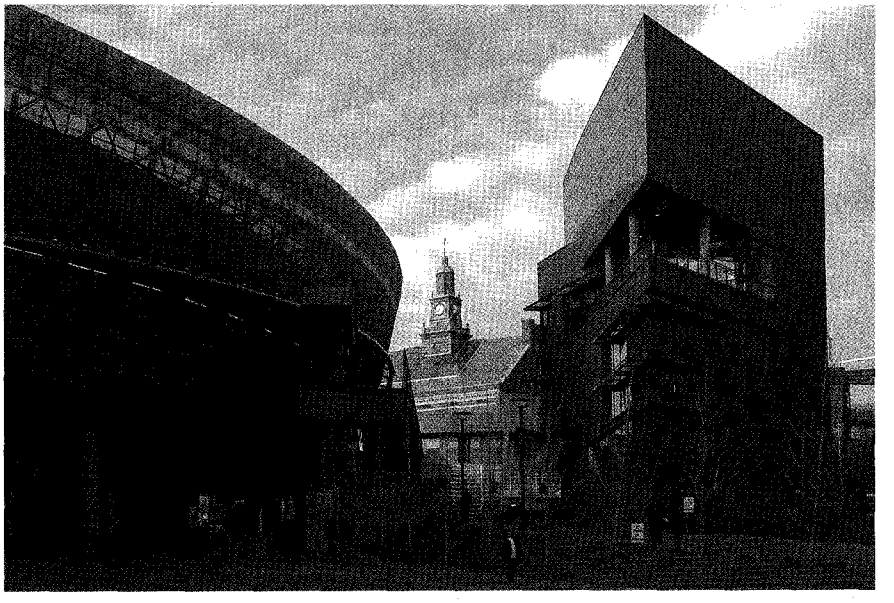
used part of the suburban campus would become a contemporary improvisation of an Italian hill town, a dense nexus of constant pedestrian activity.

Hargreaves's master plan centered on the tight packing of three buildings—the existing Tangeman University Center and Lab, which contains the campus cafeteria and bookstore (renovated by Charles Gwathmey of Gwathmey Siegel of New York City); a Student Life Center (eventually designed by Buzz Yudell of Moore Ruble Yudell of Santa Monica), which houses offices for student organizations; and Mayne's Campus Recreation Center—on an unprepossessing, sloping plane of parking lots surrounding the concrete monolith of a football stadium. The three buildings would create a central "Main Street"–like spine, a steep terraced paved walkway that terminates in a large open courtyard, of which one corner is Hargreaves's Sigma Sigma Commons, a mannered garden of terraced planes onto which an intriguing collection of differently sloping grass- and step-covered pyramids appear to have erupted.

Mayne, Gwathmey, and Yudell, together with Hargreaves, hammered out a unity-within-heterogeneity concept for their designs, whereby each architect would employ a common geometry and palette of materials but was otherwise free to individuate his project, including its style. For Mayne's Campus Recreation Center, the program included a 112-suite dormitory, a ground-level convenience store, a 160-seat stadium-side restaurant, additional grandstands for the stadium, the stadium scoreboard, a 400-seat cafeteria, classrooms, rest areas, and extensive athletic facilities: six basketball courts, an Olympic-size swimming pool, a leisure pool, a 17,000-square-foot fitness center, a four-lane running track, and only the campus jocks know what else.

Mayne asserts that the Recreation Center is "the most complicated building" he has ever designed. Coming from a long-practicing architect known for the complexity of his buildings, that is saying something. Even more intriguing is that Mayne decided that the Center should be what architects call a "background" or "fabric" building, which is the antithesis of the object in a field. In this modest aspiration to create a building deferential to its surroundings, Mayne succeeded, which is an extraordinary accomplishment given the project's astonishing 1,000-foot-long, 350,000-square-foot heft. He realized that the site's highly various exterior aspects—the all-American football stadium to the south; the Americanized Italian hill town to the east; and the urbane contemporary garden to the north—as well as the program's functional groupings made it prudent to regard the enormous project as five distinct but interwoven buildings under an only figuratively single roof. (Breaking up the program also helped Mayne to establish a human scale for the project.) Working within the budgetary constraints, Mayne created a low-slung, wavy-roofed polygon that combines projecting volumes supported by concrete-clad columns with large expanses of metal-panel and plate-glass walls, which are compositionally contained within the curving, tilted, projecting planes of the perforated metal sunscreens.

Such formal collisions are common in high-end contemporary design (works by Zaha Hadid and Daniel Libeskind come to mind); but unlike the colliding, angular, muscular forms by these and other architects, Mayne's chaos is controlled not by the composition of the exterior or by some private conceptual system, but by his projections of how people perceive, move through, and use the building's exterior and interior spaces, and how his building relates to the nearby structures and the natural circumstances of their shared site. Thus the stadium-side restaurant and grandstands, used primarily during football games, are seemingly disconnected from the complex curves and projecting sunscreens of the recreation center, dormitory, and classrooms. The "Main Street" façade, which opens into the recreation center and cafeteria, differ in color and form from the dormitory block, which is an aluminum-clad rectangular prism raised off the ground and skewed off axis to offer inhabitants views onto the garden below.



COURTESY LISA VENTRE/UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI

Campus Recreation Center, University of Cincinnati

AESTHETICALLY, MOST OF THE materials are unfinished inside and out, and the structural system, comprising a succession of massive steel trusses, is exposed. The atmosphere is gritty, tough, and urban. Outside, muted grays predominate: soft bluish-gray metal, light-reflecting aluminum, tannish-gray concrete. Inside, purplish-black finishes in the dining and athletic facilities create the unexpectedly chic atmosphere of a goth-inspired health club. This is a skillful, tough-as-nails composition of muscular volumes and planes, some curving, some angular, often colliding one against the other.

The Center's curving façade presses toward Yudell's Student Life Center, dynamically compressing Hargreaves's multi-level, semi-sheltered pedestrian Main Street. Both Mayne's and Yudell's buildings offer protected outdoor spaces: Yudell opted for a traditional arcade, while Mayne offers users a wider and more unusual range of experiences. The building's projecting metal screens and cantilevered portions work in synergy with the pedestrian walkway onto which

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it faces to create articulated eddies of entryways, covered seating, and larger gathering areas. In Main Street, architecture, landscape architecture, and urban design intermesh to create multiple passages of generously proportioned steps that double as outdoor areas for lazing about. Resting places are also scattered over embankments and retaining walls.

Mayne's decision to think of the Center as five interconnected buildings enabled him to distribute its internal functions so that the building offers all the variety and provocation of serendipitous social encounters offered in the best urban public spaces. Programmatic elements butt up against and sometimes ram into one another, or are so loosely distributed as to open up amorphous, plaza-like spaces for meeting or rest. In the cafeteria, one canted, glazed wall projects the user midair into the multistory basketball court arena, itself as large as a football field, with a four-lane track suspended from its ceiling. In some of the building's smaller spaces, ceilings swoop down to a polite single story. Entering the area devoted to aquatics, one comes upon a swishing water wall that introduces a skylit interior plaza. In one direction lie the swimming pools; in the other direction is a daylight-filled glazed shaft protecting a forty-foot-high climbing wall. Swimming and climbing become the spectacles that they in fact are, but the swimmers and climbers are afforded enough separation that they will not feel like animals in a circus ring. Walking into these and other such areas in the Center, one can imagine students checking each other out as they swim, shoot hoops, eat, work, relax, or work on their abs.

At Wellesley College, Scogin and Elam, like Mayne, collaborated with one of the nation's leading landscape architects, in this case Michael van Valkenburgh, a gifted practitioner based in New York City who is in the prime of his career. Wellesley, an elite, all-female college in Massachusetts, hired van Valkenburgh in 1998 to devise a new campus master plan. He suggested overhauling the campus' neglected northwestern portion, which required renovating more than thirteen acres of soil, restoring a wetlands that had run dry, and redesigning this large expanse of land stretching from the main entrance to the prominently situated Lake Waban below. He also recommended adding a student center, a much-needed parking garage, a small shop, and a headquarters for the campus police.

Arguably, Wellesley's main architectural attraction is not architecture at all, but its hundreds of acres of sublimely bucolic, historically resonant park-like landscape featuring forested hills, manicured gardens, rolling lawns, meadows, pastures, a botanic garden, and the lake, designed, among others, by Frederick Law Olmstead Jr. A hundred-year succession of distinguished architects, including Ralph Adams Cram, Paul Rudolph, and Raphael Moneo, designed the campus's buildings, which, albeit of high quality, sit in demure quietude, often simply punctuating critical moments on the land.

In this blue-chip elysian setting, Scogin and Elam, with van Valkenburgh, selected a site directly facing the campus's main public entrance. In less skilled hands, or in the hands of practitioners

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Gregg Easterbrook

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Will Saletan, *Slate*
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Cathy Grossman, *USA Today*
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with minds less open to intense collaboration, this choice could have proved highly problematic: its main prospect was a matter-of-fact paved road leading to the main campus, and it abuts a large and noisy chilled-water plant. The program made the task still more complicated. Wellesley sought, in addition to its checklist of functions (gathering spaces of various size and disposition, cafeteria, post office, bar, and so on), an eye-catching landmark that would become the community's center—yet the college insistently conceives of its community, Emersonian-style, as composed of self-defining individualists. This commission was perhaps the greatest challenge of the architects' career (though the budget was very generous), and it brought out the best in Scogin and Elam, who are widely respected in professional circles but, unlike the Pritzker Prize–winning Mayne, not architectural household names. Or not yet. The Wellesley Center is spectacular, and more.

Scogin and Elam's Campus Center proliferates with front doors. One faces the campus auto entrance and parking garage; another opens onto the path toward main campus; a third offers a slow, winding procession from Lake Waban through van Valkenburgh's massively reworked, quietly monumentalized landscape. The building is clad in large expanses of plate glass and an earthy combination of copper plates and layered tiers of bluish-gray, maroonish-red, and grayish-black slate. This rich but muted palette compliments, without mimicry, the nearby brick-clad Gothic revival buildings.

The Center's north façade is slung low, largely opaque, and oriented horizontally (a couple of set-back elements on the roof project vertically), while the southeast campus-side façade stretches skyward in a glass display of the building's four stories. From the top floor, one narrow, angling volume projects over a ground-level courtyard, as if the building were craning its neck to offer users the very best of its many excellent views. On the opposite side of this craggy projection, a concrete staircase ambles in wide platforms and low-slung risers down four stories toward Lake Waban—a perfect spot on a warm day for reading, sunning, or simply watching trees.

A long bridge threads through two of the Center's main entrances, both on the second floor. This processional sequence establishes a human scale to the building while revealing its four-story heft: underneath the bridges, at ground level, is a sloping, bamboo-filled courtyard by van Valkenburgh. Inside the north entrance, one faces a short, dark corridor offering an enjoyably tangled variety of possibilities: the user may move up, down, frontally, or diagonally, or pivot sharply to the left. The last choice leads through a short passageway edged in wooden lockers polka-dotted with circular lights; the ceiling at the end of this passageway stretches up to an angular arrangement of partially glazed spaces on the building's fourth floor. Here, one is again offered choices as to where next to proceed (post office, seating area, outdoors), all pivoting around a staircase, which is enclosed in glass on all sides as it wraps around an open lightwell that allows rain and snow to fall inside. An adjacent glass-clad foyer deposits one back outside onto the bridge, which ramps down toward the main campus. This outside-inside-outside sequence is just one of the many light and witty touches one finds at the Center, in this case a playful allusion to the far more heroic ramp bisecting Le Corbusier's Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts at nearby Harvard.

TIM HURSLEY

Lulu Chow Wang Campus Center, Wellesley College

Up, down, across, in, around: one is offered many colorful, different, and sometimes amusing choices about where and how to proceed while at the same time visually prospecting still other spaces. The building is a large four stories of exuberantly composed, liberally glazed, small- and medium-scale, indoor and outdoor, compressed and soaring moments and pathways. It equals and perhaps surpasses some of Koolhaas's projects in sectional complexity, but here the tone is more buoyant than ironic. The project offers a range of spaces, some serene (views onto the lake, wood-veneered walls, a large fireplace, a grand piano), others playful (amoeba-shaped seating in a high-traffic area, as if to suggest that in the society of others one's identity becomes fluid). In a womb-like bar on the ground floor, walls, ceilings, floors, bar, furniture are all a high-gloss, pulsating red (this is a women's college, after all). From most places in the building one catches glimpses of other parts of the building, inside and out, or bamboo-filled gardens, or pastoral vistas beyond.

Like Mayne's Cincinnati Center, the Wellesley Center is an enormously complex building. Deciphering its plans would make almost anybody feel directionally challenged. But as in the Cincinnati Center, the Wellesley Center's apparent lack of system is only skin deep, because people inhabit not architectural plans or digital environments but spaces. Scogin and Elam's dazzlingly complex arrangement of varied views and spaces opens the building up to all manner of clerestories, skylights, lightwells, and windows of varied shapes, types, and sizes. Natural light falls into every one of its four floors. The architects modulate, control, and intelligently manage this brilliant abundance of natural light; it is another compositional tool by which they shape their highly particularized and variable spaces. To move through the

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Center is to explore a world of possible landscapes. One needs to discover this building slowly and repeatedly, over seasons, days, and hours.

NEITHER BUILDING IS WITHOUT flaws. Mayne chose, inexplicably, to differentiate the dormitory from the rest of the complex by using slit-like windows that are far too narrow and ill-placed to offer anything more than badly skewed glimpses of the commons outside. In places, Mayne's dark interiors become too dark, engendering a lugubrious atmosphere that is out of keeping with the building's bustling, urban tone. This somberness is neither overcome by the cool fluorescent lighting nor alleviated by occasional skylights, which are haphazardly placed. Mayne's office reports that the staff put roof plans down on the floor and splattered them, Pollock-style, with paint to determine the skylights' locations. (To members of the design team this may indicate a design process of playful abandon, but to me it sounds like a sophomoric and perhaps sleep-deprived act of desperation wrought by an impending deadline.) Whereas elsewhere the Cincinnati Center's design only appears random, here it really is random, and the building suffers for it. And Scogin and Elam's building is at times overwrought, its surfeit of high-end materials and precious details so lavish that one nearly blushes at its extravagance. Its plans are so complex that navigating the building, which is relatively small, can be confusing. This is a building in which it is too easy to get lost.

Some people will not like Mayne's and Scogin and Elam's buildings for another reason, which is that they seem so compositionally uncontrolled. Their forms and their volumes do not emerge either from classicism or from one of the more familiar, more abstract systems by which contemporary architects tend to manage form: structural expression (Norman Foster's Hearst Tower), the exigencies of building construction (Renzo Piano's Whitney Museum project), conventional geometries (SANAA's glass pavilion at the Toledo Museum of Art), or the bending, folding volumes made possible by computer-aided design and manufacturing (nearly anything by Frank Gehry or Foreign Office Architects). Owing to the apparent lack of a system guiding, controlling, and managing the Cincinnati and Wellesley Centers' formal compositions, what many architects will see when they look at either of these two buildings is a mess.

The buildings differ greatly in their physical surroundings, styles, and aesthetic sensibilities, but they rely on a common conceptual system. The system is invisible. It can neither be mapped in two dimensions nor captured in a photograph. It is an experiential approach to design whereby the architect assumes the point of view not only of the project's specified users but, more generally, of any individual, imagining how he or she stands and moves on the ground; perceives and experiences landscape, space and prospective views; and registers materials and compositions through the filter of sensory and visual associations and memories. And the architect does this for the landscape and the building, and then for the building and the landscape as they are integrated, intermeshed, and in tension with each other.

In itself, this approach is not new. It originated in a phenomenologically informed strain of modernism that was developed by some of the twentieth-century's greatest architects, including Alvar Aalto, a Finn who died in 1976, and Hans Scharoun, a German who died in 1972. (Mayne's approach is deeply reminiscent of Aalto's buildings for the Polytechnic Institute in Otaniemi, and Scogin and Elam's largest gathering space recalls Scharoun's celebrated Berlin Philharmonie.) Aalto and probably Scharoun (and, at least indirectly, their many successors) were influenced by early twentieth-century experimental psychology, which posited that human experience and cognition, including one's experience and perception of one's environment, is radically embodied and cannot be understood outside that cognitive frame.

Mayne and Scogin and Elam work from this strain of modernism, developing and deepening it by integrating their buildings with the surrounding environment, natural and social. Their projects, taken together, suggest the dazzlingly multifarious possibilities open to contemporary architects who adopt this embodied perspective of the user in a genuinely collaborative, interdisciplinary method of design. Architects who hear the call of these buildings, who either already are exploring or will come to explore the possibilities inherent in such an approach, will not produce a recognizable new style. It is unlikely that they will even become an identifiable "school." But they might make some more buildings as unusual, humane, and good as these. ■

Peter N. Miller

Persecution and the Art of Healing

EUROPE'S PHYSICIAN: THE VARIOUS LIFE OF SIR THEODORE DE MAYERNE
By Hugh Trevor-Roper
(Yale University Press, 438 pp., $35)

I.

FOR MOST OF HIS LIFE, ABRAham Portaleone, like his father, served as medical doctor to the Gonzaga Dukes of Mantua, in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. He studied medicine at Padua and Jewish texts in Bologna, Padua, and Mantua. During the earlier part of his career he had to fend off repeated attempts by the bishop of Mantua to ruin him by enforcing the decrees of the Counter-Reformation forbidding Jewish doctors to treat Christians. (His close ties to the Gonzaga seem to have spared him.) Later he turned to writing, publishing a Latin treatise on gold from a hermetic-chemical point of view, and then, not long before his death, an antiquarian encyclopedia in Hebrew, in which the description of the Temple and its service served as a jumping-off point

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for comments about ancient Jewish social structure, precious stones, the modern spice trade, the best contemporary olive oils, the salt trade, botany, ancient and modern instruments, and Roman military strategy.

He was, in short, a modern medical doctor. No one would dare to call Portaleone "Europe's physician," but his story vividly illustrates a series of conjunctions that were true across Europe: the connection between medical doctors and political power; the role of doctors, precisely because of their proximity to power, as important civil servants; the nexus between scholarly training and practice, between the medical philosophies of different regions, between alchemical-mystical doctrines and rational or empirical approaches, between scientific and sacred philosophies, between scholarship and clinical practice, between privileged minorities and intolerant majorities, between individual and communal destinies, between humane letters and the observation of nature, between learning printed and preserved and learning lived and lost. All this is what makes the history of doctors—as opposed to the history of medicine, which is something else entirely—so interesting.

In 1985, Arnaldo Momigliano, the great Piedmontese-born historian of the ancient world, directed the attention of his many readers to the under-explored relationship between the way doctors practiced medicine and the way many of them practiced history—a subject that has only in recent years become the occasion for scholarly collaboration between historians of science and historians of history. But three years before Momigliano issued his summons, Hugh Trevor-Roper had also turned to the history of doctors, publishing an essay about doctors in politics. *Europe's Physician* was written in the previous decade and was already nearly finished, but for one reason or another it had still eluded the final touch by the time of its author's death in 2003. Trevor-Roper had first confronted the work of doctors as historical agents during Hitler's last days, about which he wrote a famous book in 1946 in which the detective work is so intelligent, and so intelligently described, that it could be given to undergraduate history majors as a primer in how to evaluate evidence for the purpose of historical reconstruction. But it was not until he immersed himself in the history of the Reformation that Trevor-Roper hit upon a worthy subject for a thorough examination of the doctor in politics.

Present of Mind

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Theodore de Mayerne was born in Geneva in 1573, and was educated first at Heidelberg and then at the medical school at Montpellier. He traveled extensively in Germany, the heartland of chemical views of nature: part quackery, part philosophy, part empirical science. In the German—and Protestant—figures he met there, Mayerne saw how scientific approaches could reflect underlying theological commitments and dovetail with—or undermine—political loyalties. From there he went to Paris and, working under the wing of other Calvinist chemical doctors, claimed a position as one of Henri IV's physicians. Mayerne built a very successful practice among the highest of Huguenot grandees: he accompanied the duke of Rohan, later champion of the Huguenot rebellion of the 1620s, on his grand tour in 1600. But he also treated many important Catholics; venereal disease brought him a patient named Armand Jean du Plessis, the future Cardinal Richelieu.

The story of how the great Catholic-Protestant competition seeped into every nook and cranny of intellectual and cultural life, from books to fashion to medical practice, is one that Trevor-Roper told in essays and lectures over the decades. In this biography of Mayerne, we see the Reformation and its discontents from the perspective of medicine as a profession in France. It is not a pretty picture. The reader gains a real sense of how complex—and, from the perspective of the minority Protestant camp, how threatening— were the developments under the once-Protestant Henri IV. He had been the leader of the Protestant camp during the French civil wars of religion, which he had brought to a conclusion in 1598 at the price of his own religion, famously having declared that "Paris was worth a mass."

But in 1610 the king was assassinated by a Catholic for whom he was still a Protestant, and all restraint was cast to the winds. There was some violence, but more insidious was the relentless conversionary pressure applied to high-profile Huguenots. The idea was to destroy the community by depriving it of leadership, and in this way to so demoralize a minority that it would eventually join the majority. It was this that led the great classical scholar Isaac Casaubon to flee into the welcoming arms of James I of England. Less exalted figures feared direct physical violence. Mayerne fled, too; but he kept his medical appointment to the French Crown, and some years later, though working as doctor to James I and showing no sign of returning to France, he sued for his back wages.

Doctors were trusted like few others in the early modern courts of Europe. This made them ideal servants for special missions. And when the doctor was himself an émigré, with all sorts of personal contacts across the social spectrum in different countries, his utility increased dramatically. James, with whom Mayerne seems to have gotten on exceptionally well, used his doctor repeatedly for such adventures—so often, in fact, that the French quickly picked up on his movements and eventually declared him persona non grata. James was himself a patient of Mayerne's, and the doctor left posterity one of the most brilliant portraits of the king, written as a memorandum for those who would have to care for him while Mayerne was off on a diplomatic mission to Switzerland (a fascinating tale in itself). Aside from gout, Mayerne writes, the king was strong in mind and body. Like all great thinkers, he was a bit melancholic—the description Mayerne gives sounds a bit more like what we mean by "bipolar"—but it was really in his drinking habits that he was out of line: "In drink he errs in quality, quantity, frequency, time and order. He drinks promiscuously beer, ale, Spanish wine, French sweet wine, and especially, his ordinary drink, thick white muscatel; whence diarrhoea. Sometimes, when his stomach is loose, he takes red Alicante wine, but he does not care whether the wine is good so long as it is sweet. He hates water and anything watery."

Trevor-Roper pieced together his fascinating and far-ranging story from fragments—archival material in eight languages from six different countries—but the narrative is always lively and fluent. Mayerne is not an entirely forgotten figure, but Trevor-Roper has gone down alleys long thought blind and emerged

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with gems. Those in our own day who argue that a good story must be a simple story are yet again proved wrong by this wonderful book. Trevor-Roper takes a complicated life and then weaves it into the even more complicated topography of the French wars of religion and the titanic clash between Catholic and Protestant powers, the echoes of which still reverberate within the European Union. *Europe's Physician* is beautifully written, with the charm and the grace of a scholar who is the master of all he surveys.

II.

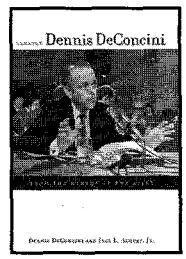
MAYERNE'S LIFE IS AN unusually interesting tale, full of appealing vignettes about the court of the Stuarts: a courtier who sweated so profusely that his hair had to be curled each day (he blamed it on his diamond jewelry), another who had a continually itchy anus (cured at long last by the good doctor). But what elevates this book from the crowd of lives of forgotten celebrities is not the story of the life, but the context of it; not the biographical foreground, but the historical depth of field. *Europe's Physician* is valuable for its information and its craftsmanship, but it is important also for what it reveals of a scholarly career that it uncannily recapitulates.

Trevor-Roper began his career as a historian in 1940 with a biography of Archbishop Laud, the great nemesis of the age in which cells of Calvinist provocateurs operated freely and clandestinely across Europe in the interest of God and revolution, no less than in the age of Thomas de Mayerne. Laud was Charles I's pick to be archbishop of Canterbury and wipe out dissent in the Church, while Charles did away with Parliament in a ten-year experiment to rule England as if it were a Continental monarchy. Both experiments failed, and Laud preceded Charles to the scaffold as scapegoat and villain.

But by 1962, in the preface to the second edition of his book, Trevor-Roper was already acknowledging a certain discomfort with his presentation of Laud and, especially, of Laud's Calvinist enemies. His equation of Calvinism and capitalism was too unequivocal; his treatment of the Calvinist laity and their "real religious leaders" was too sketchy. He acted on these regrets with a series of essays in the thirty years that followed, a brilliant, curving torrent of early modern historiography that was later collected in volumes with uninspiring titles such as *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change*; *Renaissance Essays*; *From Counter-Reformation to Glorious Revolution*; and *Catholics, Anglicans and Puritans*. Some of these essays launched a thousand replies; others were clearly unsurpassable efforts. But all of Trevor-Roper's essays reflected a sea of learning and a marvelous ability to weave together distinct, colorful strands into a clear narrative. He made his own the extraordinary period from 1590 to 1640—and, more specifically, the conflict between the varieties of Protestantisms as they were set within the grand narrative of the clash between Protestant and Catholic powers that so decisively shaped the position of England in its relations with the European mainland.

EUROPE'S PHYSICIAN CLOSES THE circle that was opened by *Archbishop Laud*. For not only does the fine measure of Mayerne and his world show the subtlety whose absence Trevor-Roper lamented in the work of his youth, but its chronology and its geography place it at the heart of the mature Trevor-Roper's interests. Some years ago, interested in the origins in the 1930s of new approaches to the study of seventeenth-century intellectual history, I wrote to Trevor-Roper asking how he became interested in the revival of ancient Stoicism that so dominated the culture of the years between 1580 and 1640—a subject not much studied anywhere at the time, least of all in England. I assumed it had to be connected to his work on Laud. In a letter in March 1999, Trevor-Roper explained to me how these decades of Protestant-Catholic "cold war" became the pivot of his scholarship:

> What a difficult question you ask! You ask about my own mental processes, which I have not myself studied or analyzed. But I shall try to answer you. Of one thing I can be certain. However my interest in Erasmianism may have developed, it was *not* a direct result of my work on Laud. I do not think highly of that book, which I wrote, under no supervision, before I had really given any thought to history, historical philosophy, or the history of ideas. (I was trained as a classical scholar not as a historian—of which I am glad, since I was taught the classics well whereas



Senator Dennis DeConcini

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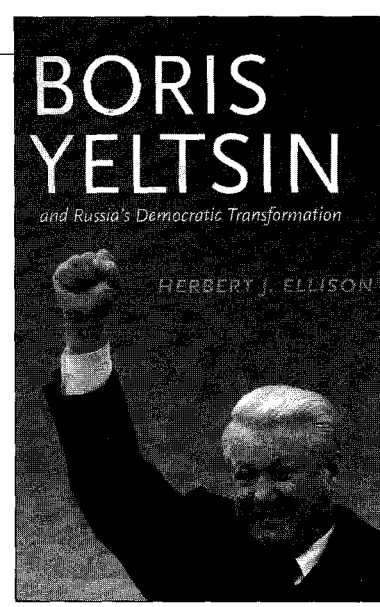

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such historical teaching as I had, or would have had, was very elementary.) It was only after my book on Laud was published that I really began to think about history and the history of ideas.

The pleasures of biography aside, then, this book on Mayerne, with its profound immersion in the political and religious cultures of Europe around 1600, can be read as an attempt to make good a career's false start. The period on which it focuses most intensely has come to be seen in the historical writing of the last three or four decades as one of intense paradox—of deep and unhealed political and religious wounds attended, on the surface, by extraordinary exploration across the splits and the schisms. The Prague of Rudolf II has become an emblem of this paradox of intellectual questing amid political stasis. Europe's fault line cut most deeply across the Empire, and it was there, eventually, in 1618 that the conflagration was kindled and the Thirty Years' War—the first European civil war and the last war of the Reformation—finally exploded after many near-misses.

But the Paris of Henri IV was not so different. Here, too, we find craftsmen and alchemists making art out of nature, such as the heretical potter Bernard de Palissy. Here, too, we find scholars plumbing the secrets of the ancient world in order to remake the modern one, such as Jean Bodin. And here, too, we find the most complex versions of theological-political accommodations: a Protestant king abjuring his faith in order to end a civil war of religion on terms advantageous to his former co-religionists while being gradually drawn into the orbit of a new world that sought, desperately, to undo those terms. Under those conditions, as Trevor-Roper shows, the personal and the professional inevitably became the political, as Catholic-Calvinist divisions squeezed themselves into every corner of French life. His presentation of intramural strife in the medical faculty of the Sorbonne—between the defenders of orthodox book-learned medicine, who were upstanding Catholics, and the new empirical chemical doctors trained in Germany, who were Calvinists—casts this world in a brilliant raking light.

The idea of a "third way" between Catholic and Protestant has inspired the work of R. J.W. Evans on Rudolfine Prague, the work of Gaetano Cozzi on Sarpi's Venice, and the work of Marc Fumaroli on French culture before and after Henri IV, as it does Trevor-Roper's depiction of Jacobean England as the "offshore aircraft carrier" of international Protestantism. In a way, what all these great scholars portray is a dazzling but fleeting moment in which it seemed that there were alternatives to a world divided into black and white. And what marked each of these encounters was not only a political project, but a cultural—or, more precisely, a scholarly—one. We might identify that scholarly project with the principles of the early Enlightenment: skepticism and empiricism on the cultural side, toleration and civil sovereignty on the political side, and above all a desire to preserve everything in balance.

In his letter to me, Trevor-Roper provided some insight as to how he came to focus on this moment of dazzling and precarious equipoise. The key lay not in the seventeenth century, but in the sixteenth; not with obvious revolutionaries such as Bacon, Descartes, and Galileo, but with Erasmus of Rotterdam.

> I always had a sympathy for Erasmus: his exact scholarship, his humanist philosophy which rose above that scholarship, his easy Latin style, his wit and skepticism. Then, after the war, I read Marcel Bataillon's great work *Erasme et l'Espagne* [1936] which put Erasmus in a larger context. I was greatly impressed by this, and all Bataillon's work, and visited him in Paris. It was through Bataillon that I saw Erasmus as an intellectual radical and a spiritual thinker—not merely as a humanist writer.... In the course of my general reading I discovered that the ideas of Erasmus persisted, not merely in the Protestant world, but also in Catholic societies ... and this led me to see the period of general peace and the relaxation of ideological orthodoxy as a brief age of enlightenment before the renewed ideological wars of the 17th century.

This point seemed very important to Trevor-Roper, for he returned to it in a postscript. "A further general point about Erasmianism," he began, and then, referring again to Bataillon's great book, he noted the way its conclusion led him to think about how the Dutch survived the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands after 1550:

> I was able to observe how Erasmianism, in its native land, was able to survive under Counter-Reformation pressure by outward conformity and inner heresy. I also observed the same phenomenon in Switzerland, where the Italian Erasmist émigrés sought refuge and sought to survive under an opposite and equally oppressive orthodoxy. From both the Netherlands and Switzerland these heretics tended to converge on England and so strengthened the thin Erasmian current.

So Trevor-Roper came to his deep engagement with the culture of early seventeenth-century Europe—an engagement that is registered in this posthumous book, as in his pathbreaking lectures collected as *The Plunder of the Arts in the Seventeenth Century*—from Erasmus and the sixteenth century. What scholarship there was in the 1930s on the intellectual world of early seventeenth-century France was motivated by an interest in the "free-thinking" that first started in Italy, rather than the impact of the homegrown Huguenot challenge. It played no part in Trevor-Roper's formation.

The relative disinterest in the cultural consequences of Calvinism among French scholars of the first half of the twentieth century sharply diverged from the treatment of Calvinism in Germany. In his second thoughts on *Archbishop Laud*, Trevor-Roper pled guilty to having harbored a crude view of the identity of Calvinism and capitalism that he took away from *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, Max Weber's enormously influential work on the relation of religious belief to economic behavior in early modernity. But Trevor-Roper drew more generally from the German tradition. So this final book can be read not only as a treatise on the culture of Calvinism, but as an attempt to blend German categories to French realities in an English style.

As Trevor-Roper points out, no treatment of Calvinism can succeed that does not recognize its international character. Or, as he puts it in *Europe's Physician*, "Mayerne, above all things, was a cosmopolitan. Born in Geneva, of French-Piedmontese parents, educated in Germany and France, living in France and England, establishing himself as a feudal baron in Switzerland, married in turn to two Dutch women," he called himself,

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variously, "a Frenchman of Geneva" and "à demi-Suisse," and aspired to be "appropriately English." Still, as Trevor-Roper notes, "he never belonged to any country. He was a citizen of the world," which the historian immediately qualifies: "or rather, within the world, of an international society whose claims transcended those of any mere local patriotism." And this was not just any kind of internationalism. This was a religious bond, and it marked its members from before their birth. Mayerne's life and career, we are told, were shaped "by one great fact of sixteenth-century life: the brute, inescapable fact of religious persecution."

AND YET WHAT MAKES TREVOR-Roper's treatment of Mayerne so valuable is that it does not treat Calvinism as a religion or even as a theology, but as an intellectual climate, an ethos. He reaches for what being Calvinist meant to most lay Calvinists. "Huguenotism," he offers, "was not only a way of thinking: it was a way of life." The Calvinists of Western Europe were not necessarily even believers in predestination. They were, instead,

> intellectual reformers, "liberals," even "libertines," in the tradition of Erasmus, who were driven to protect themselves by assuming a "Calvinist" armour which, once they were securely established, they would easily discard again. But if they would discard that armour, they would never discard the mentality which had caused them to assume it rather than to surrender (as other "liberals" had done) to the exasperated Catholic society around them. They were a proud race, an élite of independent, individualist, self-contained, self-disciplined, active, modern men. They showed the force of their character by their willingness to emigrate. They needed that force in order to remake their lives in foreign countries. They often also remade the foreign countries into which they emigrated.

The psychological focus is fascinating. The Calvinist immigrants, Trevor-Roper remarks, "were a dynamic force partly because of their moral qualities. They were heretics: that is, they had chosen their own way of life and were determined to live by it." Mayerne and his father were "typical Calvinists of their time: proud, patrician, self-sufficient (sometimes intolerably self-sufficient), even closet republicans—the type described by their friend, the Huguenot hero-poet Agrippa d'Aubigné, as '*princes qui règnent sur eux-mêmes* [princes who rule over themselves].' "

For Trevor-Roper, the Calvinist "princes" represent, in their code of internal rectitude, a "heroic age of individuals." But if we compare his "individualism" with that of Weber, the great theorist of the Calvinist personality, we see a much more complex tapestry in which religion plays a central role, but as an internalized social ethic, rather than anything associated with ritual or dogma. Just how Trevor-Roper humanizes Weber's sharp categories is apparent in his perceptive and affecting comments about the failures of Mayerne's sons. Ne'er-do-wells who died young (the two older boys died in their twenties, dashing their father's grand hopes of succession), they never showed anything of their father's mettle. The same phenomenon was true, Trevor-Roper notes, of Casaubon, Rohan, and d'Aubigné: "all saw their severe pattern of life, the high ideal on which they had modelled themselves, and which they sought to impose on their family, repudiated by sons who could not carry such a burden." Trevor-Roper calls this "the syndrome of the puritan hero's rebel son," but it might be truer to the thrust of his own argument to acknowledge a deeper reality: that individuals are made, not born. The Calvinist culture of the self, this project of individual self-creation, must be renewed in every generation. It is not heritable.

III.

BUT THERE IS SOMETHING EVEN more striking about Trevor-Roper's characterization of the spirit of Calvinism. It is his explicit modeling of the international Calvinist condition on the Jewish condition in the Diaspora. Right from the beginning, just after introducing Mayerne the cosmopolitan *malgré lui*, Trevor-Roper comments that "the dispersal of European talent in the century after the Reformation is surely one of the great fertilising displacements of European history. There is nothing comparable with it until the equally fertilising—and even more costly—dispersal of the European Jews in recent times."

This is not a casual aside. Trevor-Roper pursues the parallel more systematically: "For by this dispersal, old countries would be changed and new ones created. Just as the persecuted and scattered Jews of our time have created the state of Israel—a practical experiment inconceivable until it was established—and have thereby convulsed the politics of the surrounding Arab world, so the persecuted and dispersed Calvinists of the sixteenth century created new political systems which disturbed the traditional balance of Europe." Italian and French refugees created Geneva, while Flemish and French ones created Holland, "and turned Amsterdam from an obscure fishing town into the commercial miracle of the seventeenth century."

The Calvinists of 1600 were, you might say, *un peuple d'élite, sûr de lui-même et dominateur*. (This was de Gaulle's infamous characterization of the Jews; "arrogant and pushy" is the best street translation.) And so there was no love lost for them among their neighbors. As with the Jews, the disproportionate success of a small, cohesive, self-important group did not make many friends among the disproportionately unsuccessful majority culture. "The Huguenots clung together, forming a society within society, compact, impenetrable, inassimilable.... They might move freely in metropolitan society.... But their private world, into which they retreated and within which they were at ease, was irreducibly Huguenot. They consulted with Huguenot doctors; they employed Huguenot apothecaries. Huguenots were their closest friends."

If one replaces "Huguenot" with "Jew" or "Jewish," then the asperity of the response by the Parisian medical faculty sounds more familiar to our ears, which are more finely tuned to anti-Semitism than to intramural Christian sectarianism. As Trevor-Roper writes, "these Huguenot doctors were in their eyes a foreign body which, thanks to royal protection, had acquired an indecent

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power in Paris. They had invaded the monopoly of the university and they were corrupting the true medicine as well as true religion by their destructive, heretical notions.... They were more wicked, of course, because they were more successful." And so when things began to fall apart for the Calvinists after their defeat at the battle of the White Mountain in November 1620, these princes of self-mastery—who had expected to change the wider world—turned inward on themselves. In this regard, too, Trevor-Roper reaches for the Jewish historical experience as an instructive parallel. "Such a withdrawal is a form of 'interior emigration,' a consequence of defeat. We see it in Rohan; we see it in Agrippa d'Aubigné; we see it, in comparable form, in the great court-Jews of the Diaspora. Outwardly, these men comply with the world which they have been unable to change, but inwardly they know that their own values, their own traditions, are better, and they will not desert them."

If Trevor-Roper's analogy of Jews and Calvinists differs sharply from Weber, he is far more precise than Werner Sombart, who also tried to use the Jewish historical experience as a platform for attacking Weber. In *The Jews and Modern Capitalism*, which appeared in 1911, Sombart sloppily mixed scholarship and stereotypes, though his book eventually helped readers such as Fernand Braudel to recognize that the rise of the Dutch depended directly upon the *converso* Jewish diaspora. The Spanish Inquisition shook the trees and the Dutch *Regenten* collected the fruit.

In Germany, the generations of scholars that followed Weber and Sombart worked more deeply on the connections between Calvinism and the state—eventually, in the decade after World War II, discovering a convergence of Calvinism and Stoicism. There is something to this; recall d'Aubigné's comment about princes who rule over themselves. But in the postwar interpretations, the seventeenth century's ideological conflicts were drained of their religious valence. And as it happened, the scholars who were most keenly committed to this neo-Stoic vision of seventeenth-century culture were former Nazis.

Trevor-Roper, who knew a thing or two about Nazis, also knew a great deal about neo-Stoicism, the seventeenth-century mixture of ancient Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Skepticism that was designed, like a modern self-help literature, to assist people in adversity—which meant civil war, court intrigue, and religious persecution. I asked him about this connection as well. This was his reply:

> I have tried to answer—very imperfectly—two of your three specific questions. Before the third I retreat. I didn't know that Oestreicher [*sic*] and Otto Brunner were ex-Nazis. But I can see why neo-stoicism could appeal to the defeated Erasmians of the Netherlands—as, of course, did Tacitism. The retreat of the *libertines* under the pressure of the new despotism, into the citadel of *private* virtue, Lipsius' *de Constantia*, Cremonini's *extra ut moris est, intus ut libet* [outside according to custom, inside according to will]. But those ex-nazis ...! What kind of Nazi were they? Disciples of Stefan George perhaps. Where did they stand on 20 July 1944?

Is it a surprise, really, that former Nazis of whatever stripe—Otto Brunner, the great Austrian medievalist who inspired the new German social history after the war, was a true believer in the Führer, while Gerhard Oestreich, who coined the term "social disciplining" and described its practice two decades before Foucault discovered him, was merely a German cultural conservative—could not understand the role of religion as a shaper of personality, let alone benefit from the Jewish historical example? What Trevor-Roper's historical picture restores are the complex ties between religion, intellectual life, and individual lifestyle: Calvinism as a shaper of personality, and the experience of European Judaism as a laboratory for understanding the dynamics of that interplay.

A book of scholarship lasts when it is more than the sum of its footnotes. Faults can always be found in a book, let alone one written thirty years before its publication. But long after today's interpretation of Henri IV or Charles I or Laud will be challenged by some new revisionism, people will return to *Europe's Physician* for its "big picture," and for its humanity, and for its ability to think historically about problems that are five hundred years old and as fresh as the morning newspaper. Perhaps Trevor-Roper's concluding judgment of Erasmus in his letter can stand as a fitting epitaph to this book, and to the career it so brightly mirrors: "I find it interesting that Gibbon, that 'most strong-minded of historians' as Carlyle called him, almost alone in his time saw the long-term revolutionary intellectual tradition begun by Erasmus. Nearly everyone else saw him as a civilized moderate scholar snuffed out by rival orthodoxies." ■

David Thomson
A Picture Chap

Beyond the Epic: The Life and Films of David Lean
By Gene D. Phillips
(University Press of Kentucky, 545 pp., $39.95)

David Lean! The name presides over some famous epics, big pictures made in that era when size impressed audiences and film-makers alike. There have been trailers where Lean's hawk's gaze confronts the snowy steppes of Russia or the undulating dunes of the desert, the voice-over intoning, "The jungle!" "Arabia!" "Russia! "India!" The infinite seventy-millimeter images seem to wait for instructions coming from that artillery officer's survey. But the rapt voice of movie hype was sometimes a prelude to platitudes. Lean could look as romantic as some of the great British explorers—and alas, like some of them, he hardly knew what he was doing in the great open spaces. Except, of course, bringing grand pictures home—his trophies.

Gene D. Phillips ends his long book on Lean by quoting the director himself

David Thomson is the author, most recently, of Nicole Kidman *(Knopf).*

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on how pictures mean more in movies than words: "I'm a picture chap. I like pictures, and when I go to the movies I go to see pictures. I think dialogue is nearly always secondary in a movie. It's awfully hard, when you look back over the really great movies that you see in your life, to remember a line of dialogue. You will not forget the pictures." A lot of movie directors and movie enthusiasts talk that way, and it can amount to a sort of religion, a way even of saying that what we see in this world is always more important than what is said and done in it. It is nonsense. In "seeing," say, Leni Riefenstahl's *The Triumph of the Will*—truly a beautiful thing, a very cinematic picture—you may remember the moment when Hitler's salute catches a splash of sunlight in his hand, or you may know by heart the undoubted force of linked arms and leather belts in a row of stormtroopers coming down the steps. But are these "pictures," these "beauties," what the film is about? Of course not. Even in the 1930s, when it first appeared, the movie was not just about the pictures, it was about the Nazi philosophy, about Hitler and his madness. And because the film was an edited whole, something like an argument, it was waiting to be accepted by us or rejected. If it had been only the pictures, we might all be Nazis now.

Or, to apply the lesson more precisely to David Lean: what are the pictures we recall from *Lawrence of Arabia*, a work that many people would regard as his greatest? Well, there are the shots of Omar Sharif's desert warrior, in black on a camel, coming from the far distance, the image shimmering as vision does in hot air. There is the moment early on when a match that Lawrence has been using to demonstrate his "not minding" pain is snuffed out and, on a warning chord of music, the image cuts to the sun rising in the desert. There is Peter O'Toole's Lawrence dancing in the white Arab robes that he has just discovered. Knockout pictures, all of them; no doubt about it.

The match/sun effect is even a radical advancement of the film's story: it is movie thinking, a great cut. The view of Sharif is not much more than illustration: the way things look in the desert meant to impress the newcomer. But the shot of Lawrence enthralled by dressing up is something else: it is drama, human meaning embodied as a beautiful image. It may be the result of a collaboration between writer, director, cameraman, and actor, or a single individual's imposed vision, but it is real film-making, and Lean was capable of it.

But then look at *Lawrence of Arabia* again and notice the omissions or errors that it perpetrates: Western actors playing Arab roles (Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn); the flimsy suggestion of Lawrence's homosexual nature being revealed to him during the war and altering everything; the wholesale way in which spectacle and illustration stand in for politics, history, and their lasting impact on us. There was much more to the Lawrence story than the romance that Lean delivers. And who would notice from this romance that this story contains the beginnings of an explanation for modern Iraq?

So, yes, *Lawrence* is big-time cinema of the sort that still wins the best awards. It is radiant with the assurance that meaning is completely available in visual things. Yet it is close to helpless with the pile-up of consequences that actually require verbal accounting and moral discrimination. T. E. Lawrence is presented as an insolent performer, averse to explanation. Is that really what *Lawrence of Arabia* was about? It is hard not to reflect that this famously ravishing movie embodies something that it wishes to deride: Britain's ignorance of, and indifference to, places it may conquer. It is "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun," offered with a mix of pride and perplexity—a Noël Coward song—under the impression that it is something much, much more.

But that romantic shrug—take it or leave it—is pervasive in Lean. Indeed, it may be the most interesting thing about him: a deeply confused feeling for England. You see it in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, where twin contingents of British forces are trying to build a bridge for the Japanese and to destroy it. There is a narrative irony that reconciles these contrary thrusts, but it is not deep or strong. At that inner level, the film is agonized and desperate over different senses of duty. It is like being in love with feelings while being afraid of them—the very condition that motivates what is still one of Lean's best films, *Brief Encounter*, made in 1945, the story of a love affair that is allowed no physical fulfillment, and therefore has no consequences.

It is the kind of British film so good at smothering desire that it helped persuade French critics that the British would never be able to make films. Of course, that's not so. In London the whole work of Carol Reed has recently been revived with great enthusiasm. And there are others, of Reed's exact generation, who stand tall now in film studies—not just David Lean, but also Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger and Robert Hamer (a small master). And let's not forget their odd contemporary, odd in that he was the greengrocer's son among gents, the one who believed in emotion so repressed, tied down, and strapped in that it might one day leap out as murder—I mean Alfred Hitchcock, another picture chap who obsessed over the visuals and sometimes theorized that a motion picture was just a number of plastic effects in the dark put in the right order.

Many years after that gang, in 2006, along comes *The Queen*, in which you might anticipate a republican boot being put in. But then, just as Cherie Blair warns her husband, "Don't be like one of those Labour prime ministers that fall in love with the queen," the wry, ironic and usually agreeably detached Stephen Frears finds himself unaccountably fond of HRH, or of her unthinking kind of duty. Britain has been vulgarized, the queen feels. So the public is besotted with Princess Diana (as if she had won a TV talent show, which was indeed the level of her achievement). So they want "Feelings," just like Barbra Streisand. In fact, Frears would be the very man to do the Diana story, and it would be a more scathing satire on empty prettiness than even John Schlesinger's *Darling*. The queen, in *The Queen*, is a media chump not able to go public with a show of grief—that is, to match Diana. She can't, she does it badly—she acts badly, which hardly anyone does even on television these days. But Frears and Helen Mirren admire her for it, for staying honest, for buttoning up that dangerous thing, emotion—in just the way Celia Johnson's wife does in *Brief Encounter*, where she puts away love, Rachmaninoff, and Trevor Howard and goes home to a husband duller than Prince Philip.

The whole thing is awfully like the T. E. Lawrence whom Lean spent years on. Lawrence is depicted as a harsh spirit who rejoices in the desert, and at the chance of cuddling with native boys by the campfire. He is an inspired leader but a dangerous politician. We never realize that he is a wonderful writer, too, as well as a cheeky bugger. As Peter

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O'Toole, he was as tall, blond, and removed from the real Lawrence as could be (this after Albert Finney started the film). At the end he goes home in mortification or grief—or is it in horror at his own briefly exposed emotionalism? He becomes "Ross," a subaltern's name, dry where "Lawrence" is flowery, and he does away with himself in the quiet of an English lane. He has opted for obscurity, when he might have entered Baghdad in robes and jewels, with people throwing flowers in his path.

GENE PHILLIPS HAS WORKED hard at his book. He has studied the films in detail, even if that close an eye hardly helps him to read their meaning. Phillips is a Jesuit (he teaches film at Loyola University), and he takes as an epigraph a remark from one of Lean's most valued producers: "He thought about film as a Jesuit thinks about his vocation." Yet some shyness has gotten in the way. Though this is called a book about the life and the films, Phillips seems timid about exploring the teeming love life of his subject, which has been better treated in books by Kevin Brownlow and Adrian Turner.

So he reports but cannot be illuminating on the thing that any Englishman (or woman) notices first in Lean, which is more mysterious than the sound in the Marabar Caves, and which has already begun to reveal a kind of madness or savagery in other books. For this David Lean, the son of a Quaker and an accountant; a boy raised in Croydon, where suburbia met the countryside, and arguably the most handsome of film directors—he was married six times in his eighty-three years. Henry VIII is his only rival. When the English reader gets that part of Lean's history, he knows that the chap had a real problem with the emotion thing.

Divorce is a British habit nowadays, of course. But an essential skepticism about it comes from Dr. Johnson, who, seeing a man who had been unhappy in marriage but re-married immediately after his wife died, thought that "it was the triumph of hope over experience." Lean's father and mother separated when he was in his teens, and on doing so the father quit his religion in the fear that the divorce would be looked at askance by other Quakers. (As a Quaker, young David had not been allowed to visit the cinema.) The father, a City accountant, did remarry, and so David Lean grew up with two mothers and a father who neglected him, and who in due course responded to the son's lack of aptitude at school by enrolling him as an accountant. That left far too little room for hope, and so his hobby—photography—carried him into the British picture business at a time when an eighteen-year-old might expect to make the tea and rise very slowly while the gentlemen, the university people, the foreigners, and the theatricals ran the show. Lean became a film editor, with a reputation that got him ahead.

An editor is not exactly "a picture chap," and so another conflict in Lean emerges. A film is made, more or less, out of an idea or a story (called a script), which is then cast and shot. But all too often, in the dry estimate of editors, that writing and shooting end in a mess that the editor must rectify. Editors become very tough with "picture" people—there you go, they say, cutting out three minutes of gorgeous atmosphere so that the audience can get to the story. Editors know that in three minutes you can lose an audience forever. So they marvel at writers being paid to write a dramatic shape and the picture coming in so untidy that the editor has to start over again. They will tell you that no one should ever be hired to write a film unless they have worked in editing. And when you know that those three minutes are dead on arrival, then maybe you can save a million dollars by not going to the ends of the earth to shoot them.

By the late 1930s, Lean had risen the humble way from tea and biscuits to become a clapper boy, a camera assistant, a cutting assistant, and then a real editor on quite important pictures—*Nell Gwyn* (with the English star Anna Neagle), *Escape Me Never* (with Elisabeth Bergner), and *Pygmalion* and *Major Barbara*, two Shavian adaptations made by the Hungarian exile Gabriel Pascal, and so tidily done that Shaw himself was dripping praise on Lean. So it was in 1942, with Lean thirty-four, when no less than Noël Coward got talking to him about a film meant to celebrate the Royal Navy, based on the experiences of Lord Louis Mountbatten (the king's cousin), but taking in the ordinary seaman, too. Lean asked if he could co-direct, and—as if he hardly knew what co-directing meant—Coward said why not.

Gene Phillips doesn't dig too far into the friendship of these two men, but it was uplifting to Lean and probably an inspiration to his modest upbringing. They co-directed *In Which We Serve* (a very British title), then Coward wrote and produced and Lean directed *This Happy Breed*, *Blithe Spirit*, and *Brief Encounter*. Four films in a row, all hits, all pretty good, and *Brief Encounter* still a landmark in film history and in England's battle between outrage and gentility. Coward, of course, was gay, though acting for all the world as if English love and marriage were meat and two veg for him. His versatility as an entertainer, and his almost effortless wit in talk, should not conceal that in the 1930s and 1940s he was a wonderful writer so in love with language that if you can't hear his fond chipping away at cliché and his mannered terseness in Pinter, then you are deaf to English speech.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER IS STILL THE great British tribute to smothered emotion. A married woman, Laura Jesson (Celia Johnson), meets a married man, Dr. Alec Harvey (Trevor Howard). She is at a railway station and gets a speck of grit in her eye; he takes it out with his white handkerchief. It is almost their most intimate exchange. They fall in love, meeting at the railway station and having afternoons together—at the movies, or escaping into the countryside. He does borrow a friend's flat, but that relief is denied them. They never do it. And Alec is off to

Embers

Poor summer, it doesn't know it's dying.
A few days are all it has. Still, the lake
is with me, its strokes of blue-violet
and the fiery sun replacing loneliness.
I feel like an animal that has found a place.
This is my burrow, my nest, my attempt
to say, *I exist*. A rose can't shut itself
and be a bud again. It's a malady,
wanting it. On the shore, the moon sprinkles
light over everything, like a campfire,
and in the green-black night, the tall pines
hold their arms out as God held His arms
out to say that He was lonely and that
He was making Himself a man.

HENRI COLE

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Johannesburg—Africa! or more pointedly, South Africa!—before that was a suspect place for the English. In a way, the movie is the clash of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto and the reliable timing of the railway schedule (this was 1945, when you could count on the trains). Disorder and control are in contest. And in the end Laura doesn't give up everything and go off to Africa. She doesn't throw herself under the train. She takes experience over hope (or dream), goes home to her husband, and everything is going to be all right, or as it was—no fuss, no split, no turmoil. Laura can get Rachmaninoff on an LP. And she can daydream of Alec. *Brief Encounter* is for people who know that in a safe world the movies are an inducement to no more than passive reverie. (Certainly not divorced, re-married, cried; divorced, re-married, died.)

In the decades since, *Brief Encounter* has been mocked and parodied by the English who live out its sad lesson. With reason: it is brilliantly made, and it is crammed full of "pictures"—if you are content with the proposal that the most special effect ever filmed is the human face changing its mind (and, if you're English, opting for lengthy sadness instead of brief madness). It is the film of a writer and an editor—if you are prepared to accept that it springs from the dismayed, hopeful eyes of Celia Johnson. Coward's dialogue is clipped, fragile, and naked. And the editing together of the shots, the points of view, is the real dynamic of its eighty-six minutes. It makes claustrophobia cozy.

Here we have Lean's mastery at top form. Not that Phillips gives it all the credit that he might. Between 1942 (*In Which We Serve*) and 1950 (*Madeleine*), Lean directed the eight films on which his future will depend. Seven were black-and-white; they were economical to the degree that postwar restrictions required; and they are "small" stories, even if two of them embrace the vision of Charles Dickens. It is one of the great bodies of work in film history. It includes *Great Expectations* (John Mills as Pip, Alec Guinness as Herbert Pocket, a very young Jean Simmons as Estella, and Martita Hunt as Miss Havisham) and *Oliver Twist* (Guinness as Fagin—thought to be anti-Semitic in some quarters—Robert Newton as Bill Sikes, and the second Mrs. Lean, Kay Walsh, as Nancy), masterpieces of condensation and vivid evocations of the nineteenth century—thanks to a great designer, John Bryan, and the lustrous photography of Guy Green. But Lean's intense picturing is also what makes them great. They remain the works that prompted BBC television to do serial adaptations of great novels—a line of goods that may have earned as much as Rolls-Royce and Bentley and which run as well fifty years later.

Then, with a third wife—the actress Ann Todd—Lean did *The Passionate Friends*, a triangle love story with Trevor Howard and Claude Rains, written by Eric Ambler from an H.G. Wells novel. This is a film that Phillips underestimates. It is in many ways Lean's most perceptive view of mixed emotions in people, and it is another film that appreciates steps not taken. Then there is *Madeleine*, in which Todd plays a Scots woman of the nineteenth century accused of poisoning a lover, and the subject of a "not proven" verdict. In other words, the court could not make up its mind. The uncertainty over the case stopped the film from being a hit, but it is now what permits the depth of the character study. For we, the viewers, must decide.

For anyone reading this book, the chance to catch up with these films is a huge pleasure and the best reason for praising Lean. Alas, I think Phillips sees the career the other way around. He feels that these are apprentice works that led to the big pictures. But in the 1950s, David Lean lost his way. The third marriage (to Todd) came apart (she questioned him about character motivation, on screen and perhaps in life). It ended in dire recriminations and a ruinous financial settlement. He owed the Inland Revenue a lot of money, and that old chum Noël Coward suggested living overseas, old boy. In the 1950s, Lean made *The Sound Barrier*, *Summertime* (or *Summer Madness*), and *Hobson's Choice*—none of them very good. And it was then, hoping at last to make a really big picture, an American picture, that he teamed up with the producer Sam Spiegel and did *The Bridge on the River Kwai*.

Who can predict such things? Hitchcock turned out to be enriched as an artist by leaving England. There is no doubt that his American pictures are the great ones. But Lean, I think, suffered in traveling, giving up the close scrutiny of people and social structures for landscapes and epics in which there is painfully thin content or meaning at the end. He finished badly, wanting to re-do *Bligh and the Bounty* (another story of duty and melodramatic escape). *A Passage to India* has not lasted well. *Ryan's Daughter* was a small romance ruined by inflation. *Doctor Zhivago* is nowadays pretty hard to take, a film that is happening somewhere "foreign" where Lean hardly knows how people think or what Bolshevism really meant for them.

Lawrence of Arabia is the question mark. It has great scenes, and a flourish of tragedy. It had the chance to be an interpretation of the open wound we call the Middle East. But in the end it is the sidelong portrait of a show-off who was ashamed of his own melodrama. That it is a glimpse of Lean as well as Lawrence is clear. Amid all the spectacle and the leading with self-conscious visuals, Lean had abandoned the test editors always insist on—that films are information systems in which every word and act should build the story. When he was good, Lean made films about crushed, hidden lives. He coaxed them out with all the skill of a man who was himself shy about feeling. But when he was famous, his films were lost trying to match the breathlessness of the advertising—rather like *Flames of Passion*, one of the "silly" American films Laura and Alec go to see on their modest afternoons. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

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simply asking for a necessary base of common "reason" in the dialogue between religions. But the Pope actually said something significantly different. He invited us all to "this great *logos*, to this breadth of reason." The *logos* (God revealed in the philosophical word), may be a form of reason, as Benedict argues, but it is manifestly not the only one. Nor is it necessarily the broadest or the most indispensable to dialogue. It is, rather, a particular kind of reason to which the Pope is inviting us—one that has, as he insists at every juncture of his lecture, a specifically, and heroically, Catholic history.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

In "Ay, Caramba" (November 6), Georgia Republican House candidate Mac Collins was mistakenly referred to as the incumbent rather than the challenger. We regret the error.

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NEW YORK DIARIST

Old School

COLLEGE, LIKE YOUTH, IS wasted on the young. This is not merely idle philosophizing on my part, but a conclusion arrived at from hard-won experience. Last year, nearly a decade after graduating from college, I spent two illicit semesters back in school—sneaking into classes, playing intercollegiate sports, and getting drunk in the dorms. This year of studying dangerously began innocently enough. My girlfriend was finishing up grad school at an Ivy League university; shortly after I moved in with her, on the outskirts of campus, I began reminiscing about my own college days. Idly flipping through her course catalog, inspiration struck: As long as I'm here, I thought . . .

I VENTURED OUT ONTO CAMPUS A DAY early to scope out classrooms, striking from my list any that looked too small for me to hide in the crowd. That night, perched on a barstool at the local watering hole, I tried on false identities—literature grad student, American Studies fellow, returning G.I.—that I might use to parry questions from suspicious teaching assistants or flirtatious coeds. To my relief and disappointment, my classmates couldn't have cared less about me. Or, for that matter, about what we were learning in class. They were good enough students, mind you, but purely perfunctory ones. For my part, I took to being a fake student with a zeal I never knew as a real, tuition-paying one. I bought the books and course packets. I devoured the assigned readings. I dreaded midterm and finals weeks—not because I had to take the tests, but because I couldn't. I even rubbed patched elbows with faculty members at dorm teas, downing those tasty little finger sandwiches by the handful and bluffing my way through conversations on such esoteric topics as Nabokov's career in lepidoptery. Before long, I began tempting fate by sitting in on smaller classes.

IT WAS AT THE DIVINITY SCHOOL THAT I nearly pushed my luck too far. Seeing 40 other students in the room on the first day of class, I was lulled into a false sense of security. They wouldn't know me from Adam, I figured. Then the professor arrived, strode to the front of the class, and welcomed everyone . . . back? Evidently, I had stumbled into the continuation of a first semester class. To "get the juices flowing," the professor asked us each to think of our favorite and least-favorite passages from the Pauline letters and be ready to discuss them aloud. He then began calling on people, rapid-fire, at random: you in the red hat, you there with the scarf, you with the deer-caught-in-the-headlights look trying desperately to pass as an undergraduate. Mercifully, my prayers not to be called on were answered. I stumbled from the room, shaken but unrepentant.

A STILL MORE FRIGHTENING CAUTIONARY tale presented itself in the form of a fellow faker I discovered on campus. Lucy (not her real name) was a tiny Asian woman with an angelic face and wild eyes who was oddly cagey when I asked her what program she was in. "That's a very personal question," she told me. My suspicions were confirmed when I found myself behind her in line for the gym one day. After Lucy disappeared around a corner, a woman barged into line and demanded to know how she had passed herself off. "She said she was a med student who forgot her ID," said the startled check-in desk attendant. "She's no medical student," said the woman, now fuming. "But she's been thrown out of medical school buildings for posing as one." As the year wore on, I always wondered how my sister-in-deception was faring. One perfect spring day, I found out. As I walked across campus, I noticed a commotion in front of one of the university buildings where I often took classes. Moving closer, I saw Lucy, now handcuffed, being led out by university police and placed into the back of a patrol car.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SCARED STRAIGHT, but, by then, I was in too deep. Inspired by the 1986 classic *Back to School*, starring Rodney Dangerfield as an unrefined millionaire who enrolls in college and winds up joining the diving team, I had joined the water polo team. It was shockingly easy. At the gym, I'd noticed postings for the various club sports. I simply e-mailed the captain, told him I was a grad student who had played in college (that last part, at least, was true), and I was in. When I revealed my true identity, a few practices later, nobody seemed to mind much. (Note to rules sticklers: I only played in non-league games.)

WITH THE HELP OF THE WATER POLO guys, my regression approached the level of Will Ferrell's in *Old School*—the more recent, and even funnier, old-guys-go-to-college flick—particularly on the night of freshman initiation. Along with the other "frosh," I began the night by having kamikaze shots poured straight from the bottle into my mouth. The details of what came next are a bit of a blur, but I know for certain that I refereed a moonlit wrestling match between two upperclassmen in a campus courtyard, and that I was caught, along with the rest of the team—shirtless, sweaty, and sloshing drunk—having broken into the squash courts beneath the dorms.

I'D LIKE TO BLAME MY AGE-INAPPROpriate behavior on the alcohol. But the fact is, I relished the chance to run wild on campus with obnoxious undergrads again. There was so much that I envied about my teammates' youth: their unwritten futures, their swashbuckling tales of casual hook-ups, their seeming immunity to hangovers. But, on the long van rides back from tournaments, I was also reminded of the confusion and insecurity of the college-aged. We talked about girls, jobs, and the looming prospect of adult life. One teammate confessed to me that, as a writer, I was living his dream. But wait: Wasn't he living mine?

AS WATER POLO INITIATION PASSED from night into early morning, I sobered up and reality came back into focus. When my teammates began streaking, Frank-the-Tank–like, across campus, I pulled away from the pack and watched, somewhat wistfully, as they disappeared from view. But, on the giddy walk back to my apartment and girlfriend, I wasn't thinking about what I was missing out on, but rather what they were. I had to get home and to bed. After all, I thought to myself, I have class tomorrow.

MARTIN EDLUND

Martin Edlund is a writer living in New York.

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"Land for Peace" (II)

Should the "West Bank," should the Golan be yielded?

In an earlier one of our *hasbarah* (educating and clarifying) messages, following Israel's ill-advised transfer of the vast Sinai to Egypt, we explained the folly of the belief that "Land for Peace" could bring about peace in the Middle East. Since then, Israel has given up further pieces of its small land, hoping that it would bring about peace. All these gifts of the Israeli patrimony to its sworn enemies have been in vain.

What are the facts?

Land for Peace: a dismal failure. In 1977, in exchange for peace and normalization of relationship with its neighbor, Israel returned the vast Sinai Peninsula to Egypt. In retrospect, it is clear that this decision was one of the worst mistakes that Israel ever committed. The peace with Egypt is the coldest imaginable and it is likely to be rescinded if, as seems possible and even likely, a new government, similar to that of Iran, would take over in Egypt.

Always hoping against hope, Israel abandoned the buffer zone it had established in southern Lebanon, where it was able to protect its northern cities and settlements from the maraudings of Hizbollah (the "Army of God"). In order to bring about peace, and yielding to insistent pressure of "world opinion," Israel vacated this buffer zone. Hizbollah and its 20,000 missiles moved right in, invaded Israel and killed and kidnapped its soldiers. The "second Lebanese war" erupted as a consequence. It left thousands of dead and wounded on both sides and destroyed much of Lebanese infrastructure. Once again, "Land for Peace" proved to be a disaster.

Ariel Sharon, until recently prime minister of Israel, but now comatose and moribund, famously said that "responsible statesmen do not give away pieces of their country." That dictum should be even more true for Israel than for any other country, because Israel is so small that it would sink without a trace in Lake Michigan. Still, probably in his dotage, Sharon decided to abandon Gaza and to evict the thousands of Israelis who had been living there for generations.

Instead of acknowledgement and gratitude, the Gazans erupted in spasms of aggression against Israel, showered it with missiles, invaded it through tunnels, and killed and abducted Israeli soldiers. Once again, the trusted formulation of "Land for Peace" had proven to be a dismal failure.

> "The only way to peace in this turbulent area is for the Arabs to undergo a complete change of heart and mind. And that, if it is to happen at all, will take a very long time."

What else is left to give away? There remain Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Golan Heights. Having urged Israel to yield Gaza, most of the world, even the enlightened leaders of our own country, pressure Israel to yield the "West Bank" to the Palestinians. But that would be an existential disaster for Israel. Within weeks, the Judean ridges, which totally dominate Israel's heartland, would be occupied by Palestinian troops and, more than likely, also by troops of Syria, Iran, and quite possibly also from Jordan and Egypt. A merciless bombardment of Israeli cities, military and industrial installations, utility infrastructure and airports would immediately ensue. Tanks and armored personnel carriers, fighter planes and bombers, even chemical weapons would promptly materialize. "Land for Peace" would become "Land for National Suicide."

Syria is Israel's most implacable enemy, sworn to its destruction. It is an insistent supporter of terrorism; it hosts the most vicious Palestinian rejectionists; it is the missile supplier to Hizbollah; and it is allied with Iran's murderous Ahmadinejad. Still, there are those who press for "dialog" with Syria and urge Israel to return the Golan to this murderous regime. But that would be even more disastrous than handing over the "West Bank" to the Arabs. When Syria was in possession of the Golan it bombarded Israel's northern cities and settlements almost daily, making life intolerable. It used the Golan three times to invade Israel. It was only the skill and courage of the Israeli Defense Forces that in each of these cases prevented disaster.

If Israel were to commit the folly of returning the Golan to Syria, it would put itself in mortal danger. Together with having handed over the "West Bank," Gaza being armed with heavy weapons and, in all likelihood, Jordan and Egypt having cancelled their peace treaties, Israel would be totally surrounded by mortal enemies whose only foreign policy objective seems to be the destruction of Israel.

Most of the Arabs and Iran are Israel's implacable enemies and don't hesitate to proclaim their goal, namely "wiping Israel off the map," "driving the Jews into the sea," or "excising the cancer of the Zionist entity." These formulations, which have been repeated and confirmed for decades and which the Arabs, so far unsuccessfully, have repeatedly attempted to implement, make it clear that no further land that Israel might foolishly yield to the Arabs would bring peace one step closer. The only way to peace in this turbulent area is for the Arabs to undergo a complete change of heart and mind. And that, if it is to happen at all, will take a very long time.

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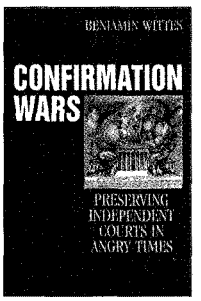

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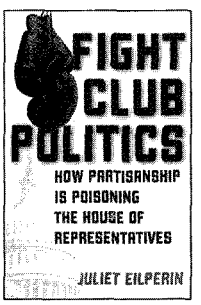

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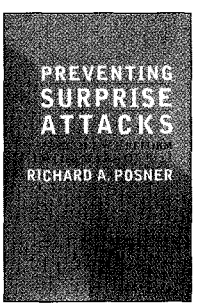

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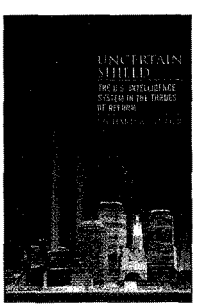

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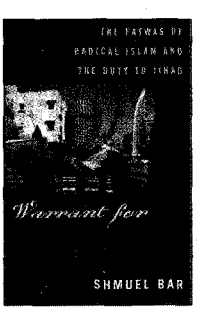

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